

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1861.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 3122.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER, WHO PAYS IN ADVANCE FOR 1862, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO SENDS UP A CLUB FOR 1862, WILL BE GIVEN OR SENT BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID BY US) A HANDSOME COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES—FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD.

Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	\$2.00
" " " " " "	2.00
" " " " " "	2.00
Two copies, one year,	3.00
Four " " " " " "	5.00
Eight " " " " " "	10.00
Ten " " " " " "	12.00
Twenty " " " " " "	20.00

We send a copy GRATIS to every person who sends a club of Eight, Ten or Twenty subscribers. This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of every Club.

For \$3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

HAUNTED!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

I am but one,—the summer sun
Shineth down brightly as I pass,
Yet do I dream that there doth seem
Another step upon the grass,
When naught but the roses red I see,
And the merry birds in the green elm tree?

I am alone,—the midnight moon,
The mystic moon, shines full on me,
There is no speech in the sandy beach,
Nor soul in the billowy sea.
The sandy beach and the sea are all,—
Then whence did that meaningless shadow fall?

I am alone,—the silent air,
The speechless fields are all that's near,—
There is no friend a word to send,
To reach me through the distance drear.
Even the birds are still, on the tree,—
What whispered that terrible thing to me?

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MISS WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"THE MYSTERY," "EAST
LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

AN APOCALYPSE.

Daffodil's Delight was in all the glory of the lock-out. The men, having nothing to do, improved their time by enjoying themselves; they stood about the street or lounged at their doors, smoking short pipes and quaffing draughts of beer. Let money run ever so short, you will generally see that the beer and the pipes can be found. As yet, the evils of being out of work were not felt; for weekly pay, sufficient for support, was supplied them by the Union Committee. The men were in high spirits—in that sort of mood implied by the words "Never say die," which was often in their mouths. They expressed themselves determined to hold out, and this determination was continually fostered by the agents of the Union, of whom Sam Shuck was a chief. Many of the more temperate, who had not particularly urged the strike, were warm supporters now of the general opinion, for they regarded the lock-out as an unwarrantable piece of tyranny on the part of the masters. As to the ladies, they were overwarm partisans, generally speaking; they made the excitement, the unsettled state of Daffodil's Delight, an excuse for their own idleness, they are only too ready to do so, and collected in groups round the men, or squatted themselves on door-steps, proclaiming their opinion of existing things, and boasting that they'd hold out for their rights till death.

Seated in a chair at the bottom of her garden, just within the gate, was Mary Baxendale. Not that she was there to join in the gossip of the women, or had any intention of joining in it; she was simply sitting there for air.

Mary Baxendale was fading. Never very strong, she had, for the last year or two, been gradually declining, and with the excessive heat of the past summer, her remaining strength appeared to have gone out. Her occupation, that of a seamstress, had not tended to keep her in health; she had a great deal of work offered her, her skill being superior, and she had sat at it early and late. Mary was very good, very conscientious, and she was anxious to contribute a full share to the home support. Her father had married again, had now two young children, and it almost appeared to Mary as if she were an interloper in the paternal home. Not that the new Mrs. Baxendale made her feel this; she was a bustling, hearty woman, fond of show and spending, and of setting off her babies; but she was kind to Mary.

The capability of exertion appeared to be past, and Mary's days were chiefly spent in a quiet state of rest, frequently sitting out of doors. This day—it was now the beginning of September—was an unusually bright one, and she drew her invalid shawl round her, and leaned back in her seat, looking out on the lively scene, at the men and women congregating in the road, and inhaling the fresh air; at least, as fresh as it could be got in Daffodil's Delight.

"How do you feel to-day, Mary?"
The questioner was Mrs. Quale. She had come out of her house in her bonnet and shawl, bent on some errand, and stopped to accost Mary.

"I am pretty well to-day, that is I should be, if it were not for the weakness."

"Weakness, ay?" cried Mrs. Quale, in a snapping sort of tone. "And what have you had this morning to fortify you against the weakness?"
A faint blush rose to Mary's thin face. The subject was a sore one to the mind of Mrs. Quale, and that lady was not one to spare such with her tongue. The fact was, that at the present moment, and for some little time past, Mary's condition and appetite had required unusual nourishment; but, since the lock-out, this had not been procurable by John Baxendale. Sufficient food the household had as yet, but it was of a plain, coarse sort, not suitable for Mary; and Mrs. Quale, bitter enough against the existing condition of things before, touching the men and their masters, was not, by this, rendered less so. Poor Mary, in her patient meekness, would have subsided into her grave with famine, rather than complain of what she saw no help for.

"Did you have an egg at eleven o'clock?"
"Not this morning. I did not feel greatly to care for it."

"Rubbish!" responded Mrs. Quale. "I may say I don't care for the moon, because I know I can't get it."

"But I really did not feel to have any appetite just then," repeated Mary.

"And if you had a appetite, I suppose you couldn't have been any the nearer satisfying it! You let your stomach get empty, and, after bit the craving goes off and sickness comes on, and then you say you have no appetite. But there! 'taint your fault; where's the use of my—"

"Why, Mary, girl, what's the matter?"
The interruption to Mrs. Quale proceeded from Dr. Bevary. He was passing the gate with Miss Hunter. They stopped at sight of Mary. Mrs. Quale took up the discourse.

"She don't look over flourishing, do she, sir?—do she, Miss Florence? She have been as bad as this—oh, for a fortnight, now."

"Why did you not send my uncle word, Mary?" spoke Florence, impulsive in the cause of good as she had been when a child. "I am sure he would have come to see you."

"You are very kind, miss, and Dr. Bevary, also," said Mary. "I could not think of troubling him with my poor ailments, especially as I feel it would be useless. I don't think anybody can do me good on this side the grave, sir."

"Tush, tush!" interposed Dr. Bevary. "That's what many sick people say; but they get well in spite of it. Let us see you a bit closer."

He went inside the gate, and casually examined her; felt her pulse, her chest, her skin; looked at her fixedly, especially at the inside of the eyelids. "How do you feel?" he asked, standing before her, when it was over. "What are your symptoms?"

"I am just sinking, sir, as it seems to me; sinking out of life, without much ailment to tell of. I have a great deal of fever at night, and a dry cough. It is not so much consumption as—"

"Who told you this was consumption?" interrupted Dr. Bevary.

"The women about here call it so, sir. My step-mother does; but I should say it was more of a waste."

"Your step-mother is fond talking of what she can know nothing," remarked Dr. Bevary. "Neither can the women. Have you much appetite?"

"Yes, and that's the evil of it," struck in Mrs. Quale, determined to lose no opportunity of soundboring her view of the case. "A pretty time this is for folks to have appetites, when there's not a copper being earned. I wish all strikes and lock-outs was put down now by law, I do. Nothing comes of 'em but empty cullbarts."

"Your cupboard need not be any the emptier for a lock-out," said Dr. Bevary, who sometimes, when conversing with the women of Daffodil's Delight, would fall familiarly in to their mode of speech.

"No, thank goodness; we have been pro-

volenter than that, sir," returned Mrs. Quale. "A pity but what others could say the same. You might take a walk through Daffodil's Delight, sir, from one end of it to the other, and not find half a dozen cullbarts with plenty in 'em just now. Serve 'em right! they should put by for a rainy day."

"Ah!" returned Dr. Bevary, "rainy days come to most of us as we go through life in one shape or other. It is well to provide for them."

"And it's well to keep out of 'em where it's practicable," wistfully remarked Mrs. Quale. "There no more need have been this disturbance between masters and men, than there need be one between you and me, sir, this moment, afore you walk away. They be just idiots, are the men, and the women be worse, and I am tired of telling 'em so. Look at 'em," added Mrs. Quale, directing the Doctor's attention to the female ornaments of Daffodil's Delight. "Look at their gowns, in jags, and their dirty caps! they make the men's being out of work an excuse for their idleness, and they just stick themselves out there all day, a crowing and a gossiping."

"Crowing!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Gossiping, every female one of 'em, like a cock upon its dunghill," responded Mrs. Quale. "There isn't one as can see an inch beyond her own nose. If the lock-out lasts, and starvation comes, let 'em see how they'll crow then—let 'em be on the tatter side their mouths, I fancy."

"Money is dealt out to them by the Trades' Union, sufficient to live," observed Dr. Bevary.

"Sufficient not to starve," returned Mrs. Quale. "What is it, sir, to them as have enjoyed their thirty-five shilling a week, and could hardly make that do, some of 'em? Look at the Baxendales. There's Mary, wanting more than she does in health, ay, and craving for it. A good bit of meat once or twice in the day, an egg now and then, a cup of cocoa and mild, or good tea—and if you wish wasty stuff, bought in by the ounce—how is she to get it all? The allowance dealt out to John Baxendale keeps 'em in bread and cheese; I don't think it does in much else."

They were interrupted by John Baxendale himself. He came out of his house, bounding his hat to the Doctor and to Florence. The latter had been leaning over Mary, inquiring softly into her ailments, and the complaint of Mrs. Quale, touching the short-comings of Mary's comforts, had not reached her ears.

"I am sorry, sir, you should see her so poorly," said Baxendale, addressing to his daughter. "She'll get better, I hope."

"I must try what a little of my skill will do towards it," replied the Doctor. "If she had sent me word she was ill, I would have come before."

"Thank ye, sir. I don't know as I should have been backward in asking you to come round and take a look at her, but a man don't like to ask favors when he has got no money in his pocket; it makes him feel little, and look ill. Things are not in a satisfactory state with us all just now."

"They are not indeed."

"I never thought the masters would go to the extreme of a lock-out," resumed Baxendale. "It was a harsh measure."

"On the face of it it does seem so," responded Dr. Bevary. "But, what else could they have done? Have kept open their shops, that those out of work might have been supported from the wages they paid their men, and probably have found those men also striking at last? If you and others had wanted to escape a lock-out, Baxendale, you should have been cautious not to lend yourselves to the agitation that was smoldering."

"Sir, I know there's a good deal to be said on both sides," was the reply. "I never was for the agitation, or the strike. I set my face nearly dead against it. The worst is, we all have to suffer for it alike."

"Ay, that is the worst of things in this world," responded the Doctor. "When people do wrong, the consequences are rarely confined to themselves, but are spread over the innocent. Come, Florence. I will see you again later, Mary."

Mrs. Quale had already departed on her errand. John Baxendale turned to his daughter. "He was always a kind man, Mary. I hope he'll be able to do you good."

"I don't feel that he will, father," was the low answer. But Baxendale did not hear it, he was going out at the gate to join a knot of neighbors, who were gathered together at a distance.

"Will Mary Baxendale soon get well, do you think, uncle?" demanded Florence.

"No, my dear, I do not think she will."

"There was something in the Doctor's tone that startled Florence.

"Uncle Bevary? you do not fear she will die?"

"I do fear it, Florence, and that she will not be long first."

"Oh!" Then, after she had gone a few paces further, Florence withdrew her arm from his. "I must go back and see what her little white uncle. I had no idea of his."

"Mind you don't repeat it to her in your chatter," called out the Doctor; and Florence shook her head by way of answer.

"I am in no hurry to go home, Mary. I thought I would return and stay a little longer with you," was her greeting. "You must feel it dull, sitting here alone."

"Dull! oh, no, Miss Florence. I like sitting by myself and thinking."

Florence smiled.
"What do you think about?"
"Oh, miss, I quite lose myself in thinking. I think of my Baviour, and I think of the blessed life after this life—a place of rest, of love, of peace. I can hardly believe that I shall soon be there."

Florence paused.
"You do not seem to fear death, Mary. You speak rather as if you wished it."

"I do not fear it, Miss Florence. Ever since mother went, I have been, like, preparing for it. Besides, only think how much sorrow and trouble there is in this world."

"It is very strange," murmured Florence. "Mamma, too, believes she is near death, and she expresses no reluctance, no fear; I do not think she feels any."

"Miss Florence, it is only another proof of God's mercies: mother used to say so. Those whom the Baviour loves he gradually weans from this world, causing them to see death as it really is—a blessing, instead of a terror, if their hearts are right; so that, when the time comes, they are glad to die. There's a gentleman waiting to speak to you, miss."

Florence lifted her head hastily, and encountered the smile and the outstretched hand of Austin Clay. But that Mary Baxendale was unsuspicious, she might have gathered something from the vivid blush that overspread her cheeks.

"I thought it was you, Florence. I caught sight of a young lady from my sitting room window; but you kept your head down before Mary."

"I am sorry to see Mary looking so ill. My uncle was here just now, but he has gone. I suppose you were deep in your books?" she said, with a smile, her face regaining its less radiant hue. "This lock-out must be a fine time for you."

"So fine, that I wish it were over," he answered. "I am sick of it already, Florence. A fortnight's idleness will tire out a man worse than a month's work."

"Is there any more chance of its coming to an end, sir?" anxiously inquired Mary Baxendale.

"I do not see it," gravely replied Austin. "The men appear to be too blind to come to any reasonable terms."

"Oh, sir, don't cast more blame to them than you can help!" she rejoined in a tone of intense pain. "They are led away by the Trades' Unions; they are indeed. If once they enrol under them, they must obey their behests."

"Well, Mary, it comes to what I say—that they are blinded. They should have better sense than to be led away."

"You speak as a master, sir."

"Probably I do, but I have brought my common sense to bear upon the question, both on the side of the masters and of the men, and I believe that this time the men are wrong. If they had labored under any real grievance, it would have been different; but they did not. Their wages were good, work was plentiful."

At this moment Mrs. Baxendale threw up the first floor window, and called out.

"I say, Mary, I wish you'd just come in and sit by the little ones a bit, while I go down to the back kitchen and rinse out the clothes."

Mary rose, taking up her pillow in her hand, wished good day to Florence, and went in-doors. Austin held open the gate for Florence to pass out. She stood a moment speaking to him after he had closed it, when some one came up and laid his hand upon Austin's arm.

It was Lawyer Gwynn, of Ketterford. He had turned into Daffodil's Delight, and walked straight up to Austin at a quick pace, apparently in some anger or excitement.

"Young Clay, where is your master to-day?"

Neither the exclamation, nor the manner of the man pleased Austin, his appearance, there and then, especially displeased him. His answer was spoken in haughty coldness—not in policy—and in a cooler moment Austin would have remembered that.

"Am I Mr. Hunter's keeper—if it be of him you speak, that you should seek to pry into his movements through me?"

A strangely flitting shrewd conscious power passed the man's eyes. "So you take part with him, do you, sir? It may be better, both for you and him, that you bring me face to face with him. They have denied me to him at his house, their master is out of town, they say; but I know it to be a lie; I know that the message was sent out to me by Hunter himself. I had a great mind to 'snooze' him."

Florence, who was deadly white, interrupted, her voice haughty as Austin's had been.

"You labor under a mistake, sir. Papa is out of town. He went this morning."

Mr. Gwynn wheeled round to her; neither her tone nor Austin's was calculated to abate his anger.

"You are his daughter, then?" he uttered, with the same insolent stare, the same dis-

played irony he had once used to her mother. "The young lady whom people envy as Miss Hunter? What if I tell you a secret—that you have none?"

"Be still!" she said. "Are you a man, or a demon? Miss Hunter, allow me, he cried, grasping the hand of Florence, and drawing her perceptibly towards Peter Quale's door, which he threw open. "Go up stairs, Florence, to my room—wait there until I come to you. I must be alone with this man."

Florence looked at him in amazement, as he pushed her into the passage. He was evidently in the deepest agitation; every vestige of color had forsaken his face, and his manner was authoritative as any father's could have been. She bowed to his power unconsciously, not a thought of resistance crossing her mind, and went straight up stairs to his sitting-room—although it was not precisely orthodox for a young lady so to do. Not a soul, save herself, appeared to be in the house.

A short colloquy and an angry one, and then Mr. Gwynn was returning the way he came, and Austin was springing up the stairs, five at a time.

"Will you forgive me, Florence? I could not do otherwise."

What was the suddenness of the proceedings, their strangeness, and her own doubts and emotion, Florence burst into tears—Austin lost his head. In the agitation of the moment he suffered his long-controlled feelings to get the better of him, and spoke words that he had long successfully repressed within him.

"My darling!" he whispered, taking her hands, "I wish I could have shielded you from it! Florence, you know—you must long have known—that my dearest object in life is you—your happiness, your welfare. I had not intended to say this so soon; it has been forced from me; you must pardon me for saying it here and now."

She gently disengaged herself, and he allowed it. Her wet eyelashes fell on her blushing cheeks like a damask rose glistening with the morning dew. "But this mystery—it does seem odd," she exclaimed, "is not that man Gwynn, of Ketterford?"

"Yes."

"Brother to the lady who seemed to cause so much emotion to papa. Ah! I was but a child at the time, but I noticed it. Austin, I think there must be some dreadful secret. What is it? He comes to our house at periods, and is closeted with papa, and papa is more miserable than ever after it."

"Whether there is, or is not, it is not for us to inquire into it. Hastened you in," he quickly went on, not caring to be more explanatory, and compelled to speak with evasion. "I know the man of old, and his language is sometimes coarse, not fitted for a young lady's ears, so I sent you in. Florence," he whispered, his tone changing to one of the dearest tenderness, "I shall win you if I can. I have your love?"

She made no answer—only ran down the stairs. Austin laughed as he followed her. Mrs. Quale was coming in then, and met them at the door. She looked astonished.

"See what it is to go gadding out!" cried Austin to her. "When young ladies pay you the honor of a morning visit, they might find an empty house, but for my stay-at-home propensities."

Mrs. Quale turned her eyes from one to the other of them, in doubt how much was joke.

"The truth is," said Austin, vouchsafing an explanation, "there was a rude man in the road, talking nonsense, so I sent Miss Hunter in doors, and stopped to deal with him."

"I'm sure I am sorry, Miss Florence," cried unrepentant Mrs. Quale. "But, bless you! we often have rude men in this quarter. They get hold of a drop too much, and when the wine is in the wit's out, you know, miss."

Austin piloted her home, through Daffodil's Delight, walking by her side, possibly lost any more "rude men" should molest her.

In the dusk of that evening he was sitting alone with Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had not returned; for, that he had come out of town for the day, was perfect truth. Florence had escaped as Austin came in.

"It has been my hope for years," he was earnestly saying, as he held Mrs. Hunter's hands, in giving the explanation, "Dear Mrs. Hunter, do you think he will give her to me?"

"But, Austin—"

"Not yet, I do not ask for her yet; not until I have made a fitting home for her," he impulsively continued, anticipating what may have been the possible objection of Mrs. Hunter. "With the two thousand pounds left to me by Mrs. Thornimont, and a little more added to it, which I have myself saved, I believe I shall be able to make my way."

"Austin, you will make my way," she replied, in a tone of the utmost confidence and kindness. "I have heard Mr. Hunter himself anticipate a successful career for you. Even when you were comparatively speaking, penniless, Mr. Hunter would say that talent and energy, such as yours, could not fail to find its proper outlet. Now that you have inherited the money, your success is certain. But—I fear that you cannot win Florence."

The words fell on his heart like an icicle. He had reckoned upon Mrs. Hunter's countenance, though he had not been sure of her husband's. "What do you object to me?" he inquired in a tone of pain.

"Austin, I do not object. I have long seen that your coming here so much—and it was Mr. Hunter's pleasure to have you—and was likely to lead to an attachment between you and Florence. Had I objected to you, I should have pointed out to Mr. Hunter the impolicy of your coming. I like you; there is no one in the world to whom I would so readily intrust the happiness of Florence. Other matters might look to a higher alliance for her, but Austin, when we get near the grave we judge with a judgment not of this world. Worldly distinctions lose their charm."

"Then where is the doubt?" he asked. "I once—it is not long ago—hinted at this to Mr. Hunter," she replied. "He would not hear me out; he would not suffer me to conclude. It was an utter impossibility that you could ever marry Florence," he said; "neither was it likely that either of you would wish it."

"But we do wish it; the love has already arisen," he exclaimed, in agitation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter—"

"Hush, Austin! calm yourself. Mr. Hunter must have some private objection, and I never inquire into his motives. You must try and forget her."

A commotion in the hall. Austin went out to ascertain its cause. There stood Gwynn, of Ketterford, insinuating upon seeing Mr. Hunter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"One of the so-called Christians"—as he signs himself—informs us, not in the most courteous and Christian manner, that a recent paragraph copied into the Post relative to the rise of a "new sect, called the Wine-brennians," is an error—and that the sect alluded to, are the well-known people calling themselves "Disciples of Christ," or "Christians," founded, we believe, by Thomas Campbell. By the way, why is it that all sectarian writers are so apt to be deficient in courtesy? We think at least one sermon a year ought to be preached in every pulpit of the land, on the scriptural text, "Be courteous."

A "Subscriber" in Melrose, Minnesota, says he wishes to take a couple of orphan children, and get some music books, such as negro melodies, glee books, &c., and wants to be informed through the Post where to get them. He can probably obtain the orphans, if he has good recommendations, in any of the orphan asylums of the large cities of the west, and the glee and melodies of any music seller.

Another correspondent wishes us to procure him a situation on a city railroad. As it we had any time for such a difficult undertaking.

We continue to receive large quantities of poetry—of which we publish what we think the best. Probably we sometimes make mistakes in deciding as to the relative quality of the poems received, but then having no better judgment to rely upon, we are forced to rely upon our own.

One general word in conclusion to correspondents. Please do not bother us with "first attempts" in composition—which always should either be preserved as relics, or torn up, which is better, or with badly written and illegible manuscripts—for we have very little patience, and the fire is handy, or with needless demands upon our time, of any kind, for we have already more work than we are able to get through with. Instead of doing the above objectionable things, which are "all vanity and vexation of spirit," expend your surplus energies in procuring us new subscribers, and your letters shall be to us like manna, yes, better than "the fleshpots of Egypt."

THE WAR.

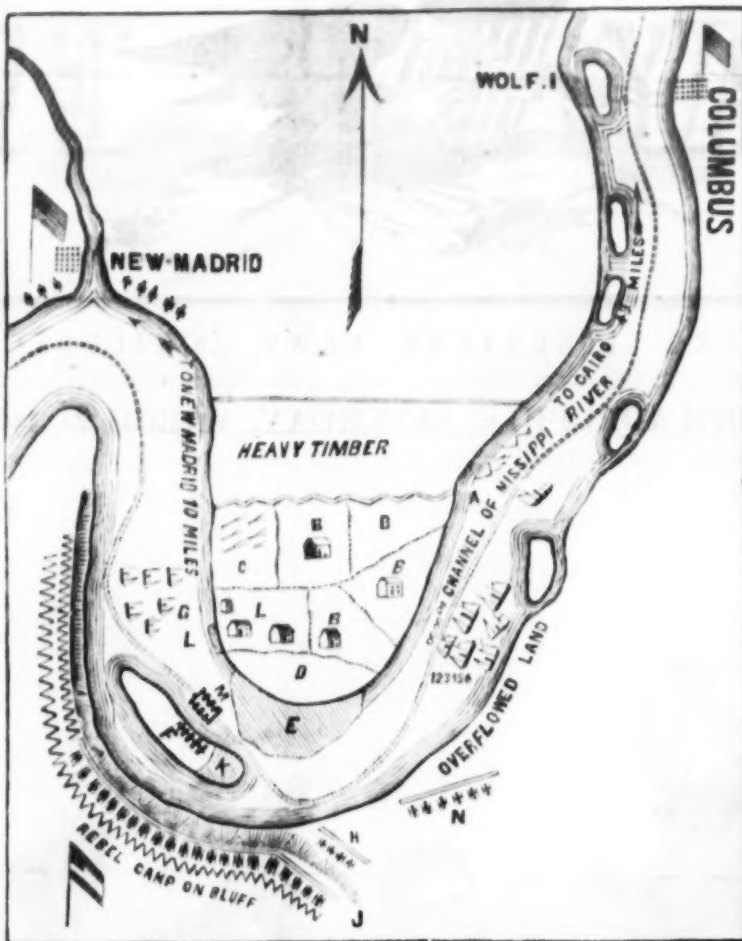
The war news is still favorable to the cause of the Union. Island number Ten appears to be a pretty hard nut to crack, but the indications are favorable to success in that quarter. The island once taken, and Fort Pillow, near Randolph, becomes, we suppose, the next object of interest. If it falls also, then Memphis is opened to our victorious arms.

The news from the army of the Potomac is in the shape of rumors, which are not allowed to be published. Now that General McClellan is in the field, it must be the wish of all that he should have a fair chance to show what metal is in him. We trust he may prove to be all that his warmest friends believe him, and that his victorious hand may before many weeks raise the banner of the Union on the high places of Norfolk and Richmond.

We of the East are growing restive over the proud records of Western valor. And though the East has shown of what stuff its sons are made at Roanoke and Newbern, it is the universal hope that under McClellan we may do some deed that shall even eclipse the glorious victories of Sugar Creek and Fort Donelson.

We call the attention of our readers to a letter found within the rebel lines after the desperate battle of Sugar Creek, as showing what intelligent rebel officers are already beginning to confess—that they have underestimated the character, tenacity, and prowess of the Northern people; and that, if they had properly understood them, there would have been no rebellion.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FOURTH.—The members of this regiment, who received great blame for refusing to remain in service after the expiration of their three months' term of enlistment—which term expired on the day previous to the battle of Manassas—re-enlisted to a very great extent, and are now termed the Fifty-First. In the recent battle at Newbern, they fairly cleared their name from all reproach by their gallant assault upon the enemy's works. They claim to have been the first to plant the stars and stripes upon the rebel fortifications. The people of Norristown, in the neighborhood of which place the regiment was mainly raised, rejoiced greatly when they heard how gallantly the Fifty-First had conducted itself.



ISLAND NO. 10.

EXPLANATIONS.

The country back of the bluffs, where the rebel camp is situated, for miles is high and rolling, making some of the finest farms in Western Kentucky.

- A.—Federal transports.
- B.—Rebel gun-boats.
- C.—Fallen timber.
- D.—Low land, covered with small cotton-wood trees and now overgrown.
- E.—No. 10 bar—very dangerous.
- F.—No. 10 Island.
- G.—Rebel gun-boats.
- H.—Water battery—eight guns.
- I.—Bluff batteries.
- J.—Tow Head, at the head of the island.
- K.—Federal gun-boats.
- L.—Federal mortar rafts.
- M.—Tipton landing.
- N.—Rebel floating battery.
- O.—Rebel battery—six guns.

This island is perhaps capable of a more stubborn resistance than Columbus. Battery support, battery, commanding the upper river approach, the head of the river and the approach from New Madrid. More than eighty guns, it is said, bear upon every direction in which forces can advance by the river.

REPUDIATION.

We think the *New York Herald* is not pursuing a very wise course when it publishes such editorial paragraphs as the following:

Suppose that when the rebellion is crushed, Mexico should make an appeal to us for assistance to drive the invaders from her soil. Are we, smarting under the sense of the ungenerous advantage taken of our present position by these Governments, to turn a deaf ear to her? Certainly not. Our policy, our traditions, our future, would all impel us to hasten to her aid. That we should be in a position to render it effectual, no one can doubt. We shall have nearly a million of men in arms at the close of the war. Of these, 200,000 would be sufficient to drive the foreigners from Mexico, while with the remainder we could keep every trace of English and Spanish domination from the British North American provinces, West Indies and Cuba. These are not the only considerations that may operate to prevent the three Governments from persevering in the absurd project attributed to them. There are embarked in American securities about eleven hundred and fifty millions of dollars belonging to their subjects. Of this, the English own \$600,000,000, the French \$200,000,000, and the Spanish \$350,000,000. All this would be sacrificed in the event of their embarking in a war against us, which they would be compelled to do were we to aid in disturbing the prince whom they propose to place on the Mexican throne.

Of course if the allied governments were once convinced that we were merely waiting the expiration of the present war to commence hostilities against them, they might think it the best policy to anticipate our action a little by giving aid to the rebels. Therefore, even if we intended to bite at the proper time, it would not be very wise to bark now. But our true policy in the future is not war—when it can be avoided—but Peace, Peace and Growth. Once united and prosperous again, we shall secure all the respect we desire from Europe without the sad necessity of asserting our rights by arms. As to the *Herald's* menace that in case of war, America will repudiate her honest debts, we, for one, do not believe so feebly of our country. We believe that foreigners may continue to invest in American "securities" with the most perfect confidence in the integrity of our people. The payment of interest might be temporarily suspended during a war, but we believe that on the conclusion of peace every cent would be paid up.

THE ENGLISH EXPERIMENTS.

We suppose the following statement made by the *Scientific American* is correct, but we are much surprised at hearing it:

In all the numerous and costly experiments that have been made in England with armor plates, with Armstrong, Vannort and other guns, the most destructive projectile tried has been spherical shot fired from a 68 pounder cast-iron gun. Spherical shot re-

ceive a higher initial velocity than elongated projectiles in consequence of the pressure of the gas being exerted against a larger area in proportion to the weight; but this velocity is more rapidly reduced from the greater resistance of the air in proportion to the *vis viva*. Now the 11 inch guns of the Merrimac carry balls weighing 180 pounds—nearly three times heavier than the most destructive shot ever tried against iron plates in England. These shot were fired at exceedingly short range—some of them said to be at only forty feet distance—and thirty-seven struck the turret of the Monitor without inflicting the slightest injury.

This contest was the most severe test to which armor plates have ever been subjected, and it puts the final seal to the fate of all wooden ships of war. Calling upon Capt. Ericsson the day after the fight to congratulate him upon the brilliant success, we found him engaged upon the drawings of a large sea-going steamer, after the plan of his battery, with the proper modifications for that class of vessel.

That the English should never have tried heavier balls than 68-pounders against their iron plates, is somewhat surprising. John Bull is nothing, if not practical.

MRS. WOOD.

We are pleased to see that the critics of the daily press are at last finding out the literary merits of Mrs. Wood—merits which the readers of the Post have acknowledged for years past. Thus, in a criticism of "The Earl's Daughters," published now in book form, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, under the title of "The Earl's Heirs," the North American of this city says—

It is written with great vigor and power, and fascinates the reader in a very strange degree. The clearing up of this mystery, as well as the incidents attending the catastrophe that happens to the unfortunate girl, are worked up with wonderful skill and pathos. The person who plays the most important part in the development of the plot is a servant girl named Judith, who is in our opinion the best delineated character in the story. We will not anticipate our readers' enjoyment by a detail of the plot, but we promise them a very great treat in the perusal of "The Earl's Heirs." The money will be well laid out in the purchase of this most admirable novel.

TO TELL A TAILOR.—He'll always call you a goose. A mason will call you a brick. A gamester will call you a trumper. A shoe-maker (or a liar) will always say, "upon my soul, it's true."

The captain of a vessel just arriving in the harbor of New York, directed one of the crew, an Irishman, to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into the cabin. On his return, the captain inquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman, with great simplicity, replied: "I could not catch the boy, but I threw overboard the old cook."

THE BATTLES OF 1812.

The Albany Journal, in contrasting the events of the present war with that of 1812, exhibits the magnitude of the present contest. The war of the Revolution was relatively a mere succession of skirmishes. The war of 1812, measured both as regards numbers and the field of operations, shrinks into contemptible insignificance beside the gigantic operations, that are going on at the present hour. If we look back at the history, more especially of the last war with England, and compare its leading incidents with those of the conflict now raging, we shall find that it hardly rises to the dignity of a modern reconnaissance. The "battles" dwindle down to the veriest martial *amusements*; the casualties are few, and the number of prisoners taken in victorious engagements counted rather by hundreds than thousands. We cite a few incidents from the war of 1812 to show what petty affairs, relatively, were some of the most brilliant victories achieved by our arms.

The first battle of any importance was that of Brownstown, near Detroit, fought August 9, 1812. Our force was only 600, that of the British and Indians combined 750. Our loss was 18 killed and 63 wounded; that of the enemy 160. General Hull's "army," which disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six days later, only numbered 2,500 men; while that of the enemy consisted of only 700 English and 600 Indians. No wonder Gen. Brock, who commanded the latter, wrote to Sir Gen. Prevost:—"When I detail my good fortune, your Excellency will be surprised." At the battle of Queenstown, two columns of 300 men each did about all the fighting on our side. General Van Rensselaer, in his report, says:—"One-third of the men idle might have saved all." As it was, some looked on, while "many fled into the woods," leaving their brethren to their fate. At the siege of Fort Erie, the English threw 2,000 red-hot shot without hurting a man. Our loss was only 4 killed and 7 wounded. Brigadier-General Smith abandoned his favorite project of invading Canada West because, although he had been preparing the greater part of the summer, and had energetically drummed up volunteers, he had succeeded in collecting only 1,500 men; and he did not think the expedition would be successful unless he had 1,500 more.

At the battle of York our force was 1,200; that of the enemy 700 English and 100 Indians. Our loss was 300 killed and wounded; that of the enemy, 100 killed, 300 wounded, and 200 prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant of our victories, yet it is not to be compared to the battle of Belmont, or that of Ball's Bluff, either as regards the numbers engaged or the losses sustained. At the battle of Sackett's Harbor, the enemy's force was 209; ours 500. His loss in killed and wounded was 150; ours, 154. Among the trophies taken by our troops were the British standard and mace. Over the latter hung a human scalp! Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie was esteemed a "big thing" in its day; yet his whole fleet consisted of only 54 guns and 2 swivels; that of the enemy 63 guns and 2 swivels! Our loss in killed and wounded was 123; that of the enemy has never been definitely known. At the battle of Chippewa our loss was 328; that of the enemy 514. At the battle of Fort Erie our loss was 84; that of the enemy 582. At the battle of Baltimore the enemy's force numbered from 7,000 to 8,000; ours was probably less than half that number. Our loss was 170; that of the enemy some 700 killed, wounded and missing. Even the battle of New Orleans looks insignificant to eyes that have witnessed a reconnaissance on the Potomac 16,000 strong, and a review of 70,000. The British force, including sailors and marines, was about 14,000; that of General Jackson 3,200 on the left bank of the river, and about 800 distributed in positions hard by. Our loss was 7 killed and 6 wounded; that of the enemy 700 killed and 1,400 wounded. It is safe to say that notwithstanding the torpor of a large share of our army, and the taunts that we have thus far been "playing at war," a greater number of lives have been lost within the last five months than during the entire "War of 1812."

A NEW TUNE.

Blackwood's Magazine is not noted for any friendly disposition to the United States. Yet in the February number of that periodical, in an article upon the defenses of Canada, after expressing the opinion that a war between Great Britain and the United States will occur by 1863, it says:

"Our British North American colonies stand face to face with a power which, in the appliance of modern science, and in the courage and endurance of its people, is a match for the most military of European nations. An American army when it first takes the field may be little better than a rabble, but give it the experience of a year or two, and it becomes able to hold its own against the best troops in the world. So our people found half a century ago, and so, if the storm which we are now contemplating do not burst until 1863, our people may find again."

Recent events have contributed materially to the formation of this opinion. A half year ago we were regarded by the same party parties as a nation hopelessly divided, as inferior in military qualities, and as in fact a people more worthy of contempt or pity than fear.

LILLIAN.—BY A. M. W.

The sea looks up on the sky,
The sky looks down on the sea!
So I look up on Lillian,
And Lillian down on me.
My Lillian is of regal birth,
And I of low degree;
I cannot reach my Lillian,
The sky meets not the sea.

A girl at a party was asked what made her face look so red. She replied, those horrid faces.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

THE IRON SHIP.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

she was not born 'mid rain or dew,
Nor in the sunshine ever grew;
No lordly monarch of the wood
Fell in his glory where he stood
That she might flourish, fair and free,
Might flourish, fair and free.

But down a thousand fathoms, down
Where stretch the roots of mountains brown,
We drew the iron for her frame,
And built her up 'mid smoke and flame,
To sail, the mistress of the sea!
The mistress of the sea!

The hammer fell, the anvil rung,
As she to shape and beauty sprung;
In mimic lightnings she was nursed,
And cradled in their thunder burst:
And now we launch her, fair and free!
We launch her, fair and free!

To brave alike the tempest stroke,
And fire, that slays the "heart of oak,"
The iron conqueror of the main:
May danger track her path in vain—
The queen and glory of the sea!
The glory of the sea!

TWO REBEL LETTERS.

The following letters were found after the battle of Sugar Creek or Fox Ridge. They were written evidently by officers of intelligence. The two epistles must have been completed before the battle, and not being mailed to the parties addressed, were dropped in the confusion of a precipitate retreat.

The first letter is from a Texan captain to his wife, and reads thus—

NEW FAYETTEVILLE, Ark.,
March 5, 1862.

"Thank God, dear Mary, we've got the Yankees in a trap at last. They cannot escape us now. We have more than twice as many men as they, and we have a plan to cut them off, and annihilate them. Before a week has past, you will hear of a terrible defeat of the Lincolnites, such an one as will offset to some extent our mortifying surrender at Donelson. We are certain of success, and I hope I will be able to bring five or six Yankee prisoners to Galveston next summer."

"The Northern men will not fight when they can avoid it; but we intend to make them this time, or cut their throats."

"The coming battle will free Arkansas and Missouri from the invaders, and we will then march on to St. Louis, and take that Abolition city, and give the oppressed southern there an opportunity to be free once more. We hear that we would be welcomed in St. Louis by at least 50,000 people who have long suffered from the tyranny of the mercenary Dutch."

The second letter from a Louisiana major to his sister, a resident of New Orleans and bearing date, "Little Rock, Feb. 27," is quite different in tone, as will be seen from this quotation—

DEAR SISTER CARRIE:—You asked me in your last letter what I thought of the prospect of our dearly beloved cause. To be candid, I have little hope for its success now, though last December I felt confident we would be recognized before the coming June. I don't like the Yankees a bit; I have been educated to hate them, and I do hate them heartily; but I must acknowledge the South has been sadly mistaken in their character. We have always believed that the Yankees would not fight for anything like a principle; that they had no chivalry, no poetry in their nature. Perhaps they have not; but that they are brave, determined, persevering, they have proved beyond question.

The trouble with them is that they never get tired of anything. They lost all the battles at first, and after Manassas we despised them. This year has inaugurated a new order of affairs. We are beaten at all points. We do nothing but surrender and evacuate; and while I hate the Lincolnites more than ever, I respect them—I can't help it—for their dogged obstinacy, and the slow but steady manner in which they carry out their plans.

I have lost heart in our cause. There is something wrong—somewhere. Jeff Davis and our political leaders are either knaves or fools. They drew us into our present difficulties, and now have no way of showing us out of them.

If the South had known what would have been the result of Secession, no state, unless South Carolina, would have gone out of the Union. We all thought we could go out in peace; I know I did, and laughed at the idea of the North attempting to keep us in the Union by force of arms. It was not possible, we said. We had too many friends in the free states. Such a step would be followed by a revolution in the North, and the turning of old Lincoln and all the abolitionists out of office.

Oh, well, it can't be helped, Carrie. We are in for it. It is too late to retreat. We must fight the thing out. I cannot help believing we will be overpowered. We are growing weaker every day, and the North stronger. I fear to look at our future. We can't be subjugated, we all say. I hope not; but if we do not fly the country, I fear we will experience something like subjugation.

May be I'm gloomy to-day; I reckon I am. Who wouldn't be? I intend to fight as hard as I can, but I can't see my way out. Tear up this letter. Don't let mother or father or any of our relatives see it. I have expressed my heart to you because you are my dear sister, and I always tell you what I believe.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Soldier, be strong, who fights!
Under a captain stout.
Dishonor not thy conquering head
By basely giving out.
Endure awhile, bear up,
And hope for better things;
War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wings.
—Weymouth.

The Italian freemasons have just introduced an important innovation into the statutes of the society. There are now sister masons, venerables, and great mistresses.

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partridge, from behind the steam that arose from her tea, as a veil to her blushes, when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impunity, in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; for by my part, I prefer to have the water a little tepid."

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN, N. C.

BRAVE CONDUCT OF THE TROOPS—64 GUNS CAPTURED—531 KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Official Dispatch of Gen. Burnside.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEWBERN, MARCH 16, 1862.

GEN. L. THOMAS, Adj. General U. S. Army.

GENERAL—I have the honor to report that after embarking the troops with which I intended to attack Newbern, in conjunction with the naval force, on the morning of the 11th, a rendezvous was made at Hatteras Inlet.

Flag Officer Goldsborough having been ordered to Hampton Roads, the naval fleet was left in command of Commodore Rowan. Early on the morning of the 13th the entire force started for Newbern, and that night anchored off the mouth of Sinepux Creek, some 18 miles from Newbern, where I had decided to make a landing.

The landing commenced at 7 o'clock the next morning, under cover of the naval fleet, and was effected with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops. Many, too impatient for the boats, leaped into the water, and waded waist deep to the shore, and then, after a toilsome march through the mud, the head of the column marched within a mile and a half of the enemy's stronghold at 8 P. M. A distance of twelve miles from the point of landing, where we bivouacked for the night, the rear of the column coming up with the boat howitzers about 3 o'clock next morning, the detention being caused by the shocking condition of the roads, consequent upon the heavy rain that had fallen during that day and the whole of the night, the men often wading knee deep in mud, and requiring a whole regiment to drag the right pieces over the mud.

By signals agreed upon, the naval vessels, with the armed vessels of my force, were informed of our progress, and were thereby enabled to assist us much in our march by shelling the road in advance.

At daylight on the morning of the 14th I ordered an advance of the entire division, which will be understood by the inclosed pencil sketch.

Gen. Foster's brigade was ordered up the main county road to attack the enemy's left. Gen. Heno up the railroad to attack their right, and Gen. Parke to follow Gen. Foster, and attack the enemy in front, with instructions to support either or both brigades.

I must defer, for want of time, a detailed account of the action. It is enough to say that, after an engagement of four hours, we succeeded in carrying a continuous line of field work for a mile in length, protected on the river flank by a battery of thirteen heavy guns, and on the opposite flank by a line of redoubts of over a half mile in length for riflemen and field pieces, in the midst of swamps and dense forests, which line of work was defended by eight regiments of infantry, five hundred cavalry, and three batteries of field artillery, of six guns each.

The position was finally carried by a most gallant charge of our men, which enabled us to gain the rear of all the batteries between this point and Newbern, which was done by a rapid advance of the entire force up the main road and railroad, the naval fleet meantime pushing its way up the river, throwing their shot into the forts and in front of us.

The enemy, after retreating in great confusion (throwing away blankets, knapsacks, arms, &c.) across the railroad bridge and county road bridge, burned the former, and destroyed the draw of the latter, thus preventing further pursuit, and causing detention in occupying the town by our military force, but the naval force had arrived at the wharves and commanded it by their guns.

I at once advanced General Foster's brigade to take possession of the town by means of the naval vessels which Commodore Rowan had kindly volunteered for the purpose.

The city was set on fire by the retreating rebels in many places, but, owing to the exertions of the naval officers, the remaining citizens were induced to aid in extinguishing the flames, so that but little harm has been done.

Many of the citizens are now returning, and we are now in quiet possession of the city. We have captured the printing press, and shall at once issue a daily sheet. In this vicinity our command has captured eight batteries, containing 46 heavy guns; 3 batteries of light artillery of six guns each—making in all 64 guns; two steamboats, and a number of sailing vessels, wagons, horses, a large quantity of ammunition, Commissary and Quartermaster's stores, forage, and the entire camp equipment of the rebel troops, a large quantity of rosin, turpentine, cotton, &c., and over two hundred prisoners.

Our loss thus far as ascertained will amount to 31 killed and 466 wounded, many of them mortally. Among these are some of our most gallant officers and men. The rebel loss is severe, but not so great as our own, being effectually covered by their works.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and men for their untiring exertions and unflinching patience in accomplishing this work. The effecting of the landing and the approach to within a mile and a half of the enemy's works on the 13th, I consider as great a victory as the engagement of the 14th. Owing to the different nature of the landing, our men were forced to wade ashore waist deep, march through mud to a point twelve miles distant, by a line of marshy ground, in a rain storm, for the night, engage the enemy at daylight in the morning, fighting them for four hours amid a dense fog that prevented them from seeing the position of the enemy, and finally advancing rapidly over the roads upon the city. In the midst of all this not a complaint was heard; the men were only eager to accomplish their work. Every brigade, and in fact every regiment, and I can almost say every officer and man of the force landed, was in the engagement.

The men are all in good spirits, and under the circumstances are in good health. I beg to say to the General Commanding that I have under my command a division that can be relied upon in any emergency.

A more detailed report will be forwarded as soon as I receive the brigade returns. The Brigadier-General, having been in the midst of their regiments while under fire, will be able to give me minute accounts.

I beg to say to the General Commanding the army that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign; the only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements.

I desire again to bear testimony to the gallantry of our naval fleet, and to express my thanks to Commander Rowan and the officers under him for their hearty and cheerful co-operation in this movement—their assistance was timely, and of great service in the accomplishment of our undertaking.

I omitted to mention that there was a large arrival of re-enforcement of the enemy in Newbern during the engagement, which retreated with the remainder of the army by the cars and the country roads.

I have the honor, General, to be your obedient servant.

A. E. BURNSIDE.

Brig. Gen. Commanding Department N. C.

The regiments at Newbern were mostly from Massachusetts and other New England States and from New York.

The 51st Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel J. F. Hartman, composed mainly of the old 4th regiment (which left before the Battle of Bull Run), was also in the battle, and charged and took with the bayonet the enemy's batteries on the left. In consequence of the capture passed upon them for not being in the Battle of Bull Run, they were enlisted, and at Newbern showed the sort of stuff they were made of. Sergeant Major C. Jones, of the 51st, writes that the regiment, after taking the enemy's batteries on the left at the point of the bayonet, was the first to plant its colors, along with the flag presented by the ladies of Norfolk to the old 4th regiment, on the captured works.

The stores, &c., captured at Newbern are estimated at \$2,000,000.

An account in the Tribune says:—"The 51st Pennsylvania, for a long time held in reserve, was ordered up to participate in the decisive charge of the whole brigade upon the line of redoubts, and passing through the 51st New York, as it was lying on the ground after having exhausted all its ammunition, came over the heaviest fire, and without flinching or wavering moved to its place, and rushed, with the other regiments, upon the defenses of the enemy. The movement of Col. Hartman's regiment was executed in the most deliberate manner, and proved a complete success."

"While all the regiments engaged in the battle are deserving of high praise for their steadiness under fire, the spirit with which they surmounted the most formidable obstacles, and the fidelity with which they obeyed the commands of their generals, certain regiments, perhaps, were made more prominent for their gallantry. These were the 24th Massachusetts, 4th Rhode Island, 10th Connecticut, 21st Massachusetts, and 51st New York."

When the charge of the 4th Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, the 24th Massachusetts, some one who was present, said: "On being told the 4th Rhode Island, he said, 'I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours.'"

Capt. J. D. Frazer was wounded in the right arm, and dropped his sword, but taking it in his left hand, he attempted to escape with his company, fell into the ditch, and was taken prisoner, and dragged inside again over the parapet. A guard of three men was placed over him, his sword was taken, but his revolver being overlooked, he seized the opportunity offered by a charge of the 4th Rhode Island, and by the judicious display of his pistol, captured all three of his guards."

The Ninth New Jersey also were in the fight, and maintained the well-known reputation of the "Jersey Blues."

Capture of Towns and a Fort in Florida.

The She-rash.

Com. Dupont's fleet has captured St. Augustine and Jacksonville, Florida, with the old United States Fort Marion, at the former. This is the second of the old government forts taken by Dupont, the first having been Fort Clinch. There was no fight at Jacksonville or St. Augustine, the rebel garrisons of both having fled before the arrival of the gunboats, and the authorities receiving the United States commanders, and holding the old flag themselves.

Commander Rogers reports to Com. Dupont as follows:—"About 1,500 persons remain in St. Augustine—about one-third of the inhabitants having fled. I believe that there are many citizens who are earnestly attached to the Union, a large number who are silently opposed to it, and a still larger number who care very little about the matter. I think that nearly all of the men sequence in the condition of affairs we are now establishing."

"There is much violent and pestilent feeling among the women. They seem to mix take treason for courage, and have a theatrical, self-dramatized figure as heroines. Their minds have doubtless been filled with the falseboast so industriously circulated in regard to the lust and hatred of our troops. On the night before our arrival, a party of women assembled in front of the barracks, and cut down the flagstaff in order that it might not be used to support the 'old flag.' The men seemed anxious to mediate us in every way."

"There is a great scarcity of provisions in the place, and there seems to be no money, except the rebel paper currency of the rebellion, and much poverty exists."

"In the winter batteries at the Fort are three heavy 24-pounders, of 2,000 pounds weight, and two 8-inch sea coast howitzers, of 5,000 pounds, with shot and some powder. There are a number of very old guns in the fort, useless and not mounted. Several good guns were taken away some months ago to arm the batteries at other harbors."

The garrison of the place went from St. Augustine to Jacksonville on the 10th, for St. Augustine, where there is said to be about 300 troops, a battery, the steamer Carolina, and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition."

"It is very positively stated that the Governor has ordered the abandonment of East Florida, and proposes to make a stand near Apalachicola."

Mr. Deane, of the Coast Survey, who accompanied me, rendered me much valuable aid."

A NOVEL DEFENSE.—The following defense of a horse thief was actually made before a jury in San Jose, by an attorney, formerly a resident of this place:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I will not insult your intelligence by assuming that the prisoner at the bar is not guilty of the crime charged upon him; for the evidence is so conclusive on that point, but I will say a few words more in behalf of the county of Santa Clara than of the prisoner. The law under which the prisoner was indicted provides a penalty of imprisonment from one to ten years for the crime of grand larceny, and it remains for you to say what the term shall be in the present case. Now, it will cost one dollar per diem for the food and clothing of this man, and if you assess his sentence at one year, the expense will be three hundred and sixty-five dollars, but if you put it at ten years, it will amount to the enormous sum of three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, which you, gentlemen of the jury, and the other inhabitants of Santa Clara county, will have to pay. Another view of the case which I wish to bring to your mind is this: If you sentence him to one year's imprisonment, at the expiration of that time he will be released, and in all probability soon be caught stealing again, and then, under our new law, you can hang him, and thus get rid of him effectually. That he is a great scoundrel I have no doubt, but I think it would be best, under the circumstances, to give him as short a sentence as the law allows."

ST. MARY'S and Jacksonville, Fla., has been occupied by the U. S. forces.

BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NO. 10.

EIGHTY REBEL GUNS IN BATTERY—FIVE REBEL GUNBOATS AND A BATTERING RAM.

A special dispatch, dated the 20th, to the St. Louis Republic, from the vicinity of Island No. 10, says:—

"The cannonading by the gun and mortar boats was continued all day on Wednesday. All the guns but one in the upper battery on the Tennessee shore have been silenced, and one gun on the island dismounted."

"The shells from the mortars constantly fall in the rebel camp and batteries, and numbers of the killed and wounded can be seen being carried away on litters."

"A large number of loaded wagons are leaving the Tennessee shore, from which it is believed that preparations are being made for the evacuation of the works by the enemy."

"The floating battery of the rebels has been moved nearer to the head of the island."

"Gen. Pope allowed a rebel gunboat to approach within fifty yards of a masked battery on Tuesday, and then sunk her, killing fifteen of those on board. He had previously allowed five rebel steamers to pass on towards New Madrid, and they are now between his batteries, unable to escape."

"Over a dozen vessels, together with the floating battery and battering ram, are now above Gen. Pope's batteries, and will be either sunk or captured."

CHICAGO, March 21. A special dispatch from Cairo, to the Journal, says that a moderate fire was kept up by the fleet at Island No. 10 during Tuesday, Wednesday, and yesterday. The gunboat Minnesota dismounted a 128-pound gun placed on the enemy's upper battery."

On Tuesday, Com. Foote directed the fleet to be well, with a view to destroy the works and dismount the guns; the result was satisfactory."

As yet, but one man has been killed by the enemy."

Some of the rebel gunboats tried to force their way up yesterday morning, but had to retire."

Gen. Pope has twenty-two guns mounted at Mount Pleasant, and has erected a new battery four miles below."

Another correspondent, at Cairo, telegraphs that he left Island No. 10 on the 20th. The firing was only moderate from the Benton and Mound City, at intervals of fifteen minutes each; the object being to reduce the upper batteries. Five guns had been dismounted, and there were two from which occasional shots were fired, coming very near our gunboats."

The works on both the main land and island are far more extensive than was generally supposed. There is at least eighty guns, many of them of the largest size, and several rams."

He saw at one time ten regiments in a dress parade on the main land. Their quarters are out of the reach of the mortars. The island is pretty well covered with tents, but our shells reach all parts of the island and the works on the island. It is evident that all the rebel batteries have bomb proof casemates, as the men can be seen to disappear when the shells fall into the batteries. As soon as the upper fort is reduced the gunboats will advance on the others in detail."

On Tuesday night the Mound City kept up a steady fire on the upper fort, preventing the rebels from making their usual nightly repairs. The result was that early in the morning they commenced removing their dead and wounded from the casemates of the fort. Large numbers were carried out and taken back into the works."

On Monday 900 shells were fired from the gunboats, mostly shell, besides 300 shell from the mortars."

On the 19th, the enemy's flotilla, which is located in between Com. Foote's gunboats, above Island No. 10, and Gen. Pope's batteries at New Madrid, made another attempt to escape down the river. Their gunboats engaged Gen. Pope's batteries, on the 18th, for an hour and a half, but were driven back with severe loss. One gunboat was sunk and several badly damaged. They are completely hemmed in, and can escape only by fighting their way out."

CONFIRMATIONS BY THE SENATE.—The Senate was in executive session for several hours this afternoon, and confirmed the following nominations as Major Generals of the volunteer forces, viz:

Brigadier Generals Don Carlos Buell, John A. McClernand, Charles F. Smith, and Lewis Wallace.

To be Brigadier Generals of Volunteers the following: John Cooke, Richard D. Quinby, John M. Arthur, Jacob C. Lammie, John A. Logan, Robert L. McCook, Speed S. Fry. All of these gentlemen were Colonels.

The Senate also confirmed as Brigadier Generals of Volunteers the following named: Major John G. Bernard, of the Corps of Engineers; Capt. Henry M. Judah, of the 1st Infantry; Capt. James B. Hackett, of the 1st Artillery; for meritorious conduct at the battle of Bull Run; Jas. Craig, of Missouri; and Horatio P. Venable, and Alex. Asahel.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF PEAK RIDGE.—The rebel reports of the great battle of Sugar Creek or Peak Ridge, Arkansas, claim it as a victory for them. At the same time they admit that General McCulloch and his army were both killed, and that their loss in officers was very great, and that their killed and wounded amounted to about two thousand. They pretend further that the Federal loss was much heavier. But we have Gen. Curtis's official statement that it amounted to two hundred and twelve killed; nine hundred and twenty-six wounded, and one hundred and seventy-four missing. We also know that he completely routed and dispersed the rebel army, capturing artillery and other valuable military property, and taking about sixteen hundred prisoners. All things considered, the battle of Peak Ridge was one of the hardest fought and most brilliant of the war.

At the city election, in Harrisburg, on the 21st, the Democrats carried five wards out of six. Four out of five Democratic candidates were elected. John T. Wilson, Democratic candidate for City Treasurer, has a majority of 245.

QUICK WIT.—When Washington Allston was in England at a public dinner given him, Campbell was present, and playfully drank to the "painters and glaziers of America." Allston returned the compliment by proposing the "paper-stainers of England."

"Don't let us talk too long and loud about our heroes of today. We landed Walker too much, and now nobody says a word about him. Let us be moderate hereafter."

The thin-rimmed and snarling rebel soldiers call our sleek and well-provisioned soldiers the Feds. We suppose that ours is the fed army and theirs the unfed army."

PERSONS REGARDING GOD'S HOLY WRIT, are often forced to heed the writ of the sheriff.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

SMITH AT SAVANNAH—AFFAIRS AT MEMPHIS, &c., &c.

A special dispatch from Cairo, dated the 21st, says:—

"Direct and positive information has been received from Gen. Grant (Smith). He is at Savannah, six miles from Florence. The troops are in fine health and spirits."

"Gen. Beauregard is in command at Corinth, Miss., with fifteen thousand men from Pensacola."

"Generals Cheatham and Bragg have divisions near by."

"About 6,000 (?) men in the vicinity of Savannah have enlisted in the Union army recently. On the night of the 15th, a division of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry put a part of Cheatham's forces to flight, and burned the railroad bridge. The forces in that vicinity are divided into five divisions, under the command of Generals Sherman, Harburt, McClelland, Wallace and Lanman."

Gov. Harris disappeared from Memphis on the second day after the adjournment of the Legislature and has not been heard from since. He is supposed to be at Corinth, Mississippi. The Legislature had adjourned and gone to no one knows whither."

The subject of burning the city in case an evacuation is necessary is still openly discussed."

There had been no impression of Union men into the rebel service to any extent, except for guard duty, until since the fall of Donelson. Since Gov. Harris's proclamation the impression has become general. Hundreds have been picked up in the streets, and taken from their stores and dwellings, and marched off to the camp of instruction at the point of the bayonet."

A floating battery, so constructed as to be sunk to the water's edge, leaving nothing exposed except the armament, which consists of nine Dahlgren guns, built for the protection of Memphis, has been towed to Island No. 10, and Hollins's steam fleet has also been sent there."

The Union men are leaving Memphis in great numbers, abandoning their property to be confiscated, and only glad to escape with their lives."

Quarrels in the streets are of frequent occurrence between Union men and the secessionists, and shots were hourly exchanged."

The rebels greatly need iron. They have ammunition in plenty, and the manufactories are kept in operation day and night, in the vicinity of Memphis."

There are no mail facilities, except along the railroad routes. Letters and papers are carried from town to town by private enterprise."

Mr. Beadle, one of the oldest citizens of Memphis, reports that but three rebel regiments are now between New Madrid and Memphis, and they are stationed at Fort Pillow."

The rebel government are manufacturing pikes at Memphis for the new recruits, but less than ten men have responded to the last call of the Governor."

The railroads terminating at Memphis are being connected, so that all the rolling stock can be sent down the New Orleans road when necessary."

NEWS ITEMS.

In the Eastern Shore District of Virginia, the special election has resulted in the choice of Segar to Congress over Watson.

Two Memphis papers are said to confirm the death of McCulloch.

Gov. CURTIS has ordered Roanoke Island and Newbern to be captured on the banners of the Pennsylvania 51st, and issued a general order in honor of their gallantry."

The Governor has also appointed Clement C. Barclay to visit our Pennsylvania volunteers in the army of the Potomac, and look after the sick and wounded."

A letter has been received from a lady of high social position in Nashville, which states that she renounces secession ideas and sympathies. One reason for this was the state of demoralization that existed in that city during its occupation by the rebel soldiery. The conduct and demeanor of the Federal troops elicited high commendations."

A NEW Military Department, to be called the Department of the Gulf, is constituted. It will comprise all the coast of Texas, all of Mexico west of Pensacola harbor, and all much of the Gulf States as may be occupied by the forces under Major General B. F. Butler, U. S. Volunteers. The headquarters for the present will be moved wherever the General commanding may be."

GEN. HALLOCK has issued an order directing the arrest of any officers who wear gray or olive uniforms of overcoat in the field, in violation of the new and stringent law against profanity, has very cautiously addressed a letter to his mother at "Amsterdam."

MORE SNOW AT THE NORTH.—At Burlington, Vermont, on Saturday and Sunday, 10 inches of snow fell. The supply is now so large in that region, that a sudden thaw would result in serious freshets."

"Fretters" have been put forth in Paris, in violation of the law which forbids the Republic to Spain. The latter country is a victim to the danger to republics. Like the lion, who, having once tasted human flesh, is never satisfied, and demands more and more, Spain has gorged up San Domingo, and now looks for more of the same sort of game."

MARRIAGE OF SECOND CUBES.—A bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature to prevent the marriage of second wives, by punishing the marriage of clerical men who solemnize a marriage, by the imposition of a fine of \$100. The bill, after earnest debate, was put on the table."

FEMALE PRISONER.—Dorothy Goodwin, of Worcester, Mass., within the last twelve years, attended the births of two thousand and eighty-four children—two hundred and forty-nine during the year 1861.

INDEPENDENT has been received that large quantities of cotton are taken through Texas into Mexico, and shipped from there, directly to Europe or to Matanzas and Havana."

GEN. FAIRBANKS are received his final instructions from the Secretary of War, and leaves soon for his new department. He will be accompanied by Major Zenger, the new officer of Springfield, and other fearless, enterprising and daring men. It is said that the funds of his military department have been enlarged, so as to include Ohio and other points."

LECTURES attended by the Pennsylvania forces for the present, should be addressed, as heretofore, to the Washington Post office."

The rejection of General Blenker, the present commander of the German Division, will probably induce Government to detail General Sigel in his place, although the friends of Colonel Duffass are using every exertion to secure his promotion. The Colonel is now in Washington, in parole, having been previously arrested by Gen. Brinker. Sigel has been confirmed as Major General of Volunteers."

General British troops in Mexico, with the exception of 100, had all embarked and were ready to start for home."

PORT ROYAL.—The steamer Star of the South has arrived from Port Royal, with dates to the 18th. All was quiet there, and good health prevailed among the troops."

COMIC PHRASES—HOWLAND HILL.

On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fishermen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words—"I come to preach to great sinners—yes, to *swapping sinners*."

On another occasion there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled several persons to take refuge in the chapel hill, remarking this, looked up, and said, "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—In the firmament of rebellion nothing is seen but Southern crosses. N. R. The soldiers are looking in vain for Bootes.

It is said that a Union soldier in Fort Donelson had his life saved by a silver half-dollar in his pocket, the coin stopping a rifle-ball. It is probable that several other Union men were protected by their silver and gold. In that respect they had a great advantage over the rebels. Shipplasters don't stop bullets.

They tell us that Gen. Sigel was not educated at West Point, but he fights like a man educated at all points.

In private watch your thoughts. In the family watch your temper. In company watch your tongue.

Quila had been listening to a very able argument by a barrister who is famous in his county for his immense stature—being in fact, as tall as "honest Abe," and quite as handsome. So Quila wrote the following impromptu—

Long carolus rattles his arguments down. Like a shower of shells on a fortified town; And no wonder they fall with fearful momentum. When you think of the distance the fellow has sent 'em!

The following very good rules have been adopted in a schoolroom in Maine: No chewing tobacco in school hours; no kissing or squeezing the girls in the entry; no snuffing apple seeds at the master; no cutting benches with jack knives; no novels allowed to be brought to school.

The Louisville Journal says cotton has made a bad king, but will prove a most excellent subject.

The average cash value of male slaves at present in South Carolina, as shown by the auction sales, is \$315, female \$400.

The Paris women are excited about an electric head-dress invented for the Empress Eugenie. It is a crown formed of globules of glass lighted by electric light, and set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. It emits such an effulgence as to light up of itself a dark room, and if ever put into general use will supersede the necessity of gas jets or wax candles. Every lady will be her own chandelier.

"I say, Bill, what have you done with that horse of yours?" "Sold him." "What did you sell him for?" "Why, he moved so slow at last, that I got prosecuted half-a-dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street."

Miss Evans, a handsome young English lady, only sixteen years old, is lecturing in Dublin, to crowded audiences, in favor of total abstinence.

"Rob, you say that you believe diseases to be contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?" "Ever since I saw alongside a blue-eyed girl, and caught the palpitation of the heart."

The suspension bridges are destroyed by rebels because the name suggests dissoluble thoughts."

To what does the government owe its success in money hunting? Ardor of the Chase."

Perhaps the rebels were more reconciled to leaving Kentucky and Missouri because these are hemp states."

Shoddy shoe contractors have about the Western army, and Gen. Halleck writes that the shoes last on an average about four days."

It has been suggested that Cameron, instead of going to Russia, be set to catch Fisher. The reason for the suggestion was not given."

ALL OUT.—When Mulligan's men were ordered to fire at Lexington, they had no ammunition left, but the rebels did not know it. The first thing the latter did was to demand the cartridges from each soldier. On this demand, being made to an Irishman, he said to the officer: "Upon my honor, an Englisher a cartridge left, you had them all before we surrendered. Had there been any more, you'd surely have got them from my coat."

The gradual turning of our armies around the rebels shows an earnest desire to bring the spring brothers into our fold."

The most man in the world lives in West Troy. In keeping him out of the river, one man is the collar of his coat."

The next day he was for assault and battery."

At the point, Gottschalk's best concert in Havana, he employed 4,700 musicians, the orchestra were over \$7,000."

The rebels have lost a large amount of military stores in Tennessee. They make poor store keepers."

Any United States soldier should be knocked out of a crowd and, who doesn't go his part towards keeping the rebellion from one."

The new harness is a thing, but the heart for excessive practices old experiences."

It is said that a Jew declined to put a man down, because it happened to be a pig."

When our army entered Arkansas the rebels appointed a committee to hang every man who refused to join the rebel army. This is one way of raising recruits."

Rowland Hill said "He would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog are not better for it." Religion has breadth."

An early opening of navigation on the lakes is anticipated, as they are less frozen than usual."

LATEST NEWS.

BATTLE NEAR WINCHESTER.

TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE REBELS.

TWO CANNON TAKEN.

The Cavalry in Pursuit of the Flying Rebels.

ONE HUNDRED REBELS KILLED.

OUR LOSS HEAVY.

THE FIGHT AT ISLAND NO. 10, &c.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Telegraphic dispatches received from Winchester, dated last night at half past 10 o'clock, says:—"A slight skirmish occurred this afternoon, about a mile and a half from Winchester, on the Strasburg road, between a portion of Gen. Shields's troops and the rebel cavalry, with 4 pieces of artillery."

The enemy retreated with loss, as soon as our guns opened fire. One man was killed on our side, and Gen. Shields suffered a slight injury on the left arm, from a fragment of a shell which burst near him."

A prisoner, brought in to night, says the enemy were under the impression that our troops had left Winchester, and that Jackson's rebel forces were on the road from Strasburg, under the same impression."

8 o'clock, P. M.—I have just

LOVE ME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only love me!
Let guest want make shadows in our way,
Let heart-breaking trials be our share,
Let the world frown harshly as it may,
Little do I care.

Only love me!
Give thy sorrows to thy faithful wife,
Grief were joy, dear, if endured with thee,
Let thine eyes shine on me, light and life,
Love me! love me!

Only love me!
Suffer not thy kindness to be lost,
Let not anger make thy love forego,
My heart burns to ashes in the fire
Of thy darling scorn!

Only love me!
I have failings, more than I can speak,
I confess I am not worthy thee,
Pardon, then, and pity! I am weak!
Love me! love me!

Only love me!
I will stay by thee in want and shame,
I will follow thee through fire and flood,
I will proudly bear thy cherished name,
Be it ill or good.

Only love me!
I could go through Hades for thy sake,
I could give my hopes of Heaven to thee,
Smile on me, I pray, lest my heart break,
Love me! love me!

Only love me!
All my life is flowing into thine,
As a river flows to the sea,
Round thy being all my thoughts entwined,
I am nought but thee!

Only love me!
Fall me not, my worship, I am given
Wholly and eternally to thee;
Thou art my heart's earth, and my soul's
Heaven.

Love me! love me!

THE LONGEST MONTH
IN MY LIFE.

I am a married man, and one who, in that capacity, has seen many moons beside the honeymoon, but the longest month in my life by far took place when I was a bachelor. It is true that I was in love during the period in question, but it was not the frantic expectation of coming bliss which clogged the wheels of time. My beautiful and accomplished Eliza had nothing to do with it. I repeat, it was not she, nor the anticipation of her, which put the break upon the train of life so sharp and strong. The passion which for thirty days protracted my existence so painfully was one more potent even than that of love—it was that of *Alibi*—*Terro*.

Some males are absurdly proud and boastful of their physical courage, always imagining that some day they will be called in question, breathing forth fire and slaughter against persons of more diminutive stature than themselves on the slightest provocation; lustful for combat, for ever sharpening their teeth. For my part, any assumption of this kind would be as misplaced as though a gentleman without a nose should plume himself upon his personal charms. The deficiency of my organization is so extreme that the snapping of a percussion cap in my neighborhood—let alone powder and ball—has been sufficient from my youth up, to cast me into a profuse perspiration, while the excessive refinement of mind has still further increased this peculiarity. I am like a magnificent race-horse which has been overtrained (al though, indeed, if it comes to speed, I could hold my own with the bravest); but I am no *hors de combat*—no battle-charger. If I were a man of war, I should make as good a running fight as any ship in her Majesty's service, but for any other species of combat, let me climb a tree, and look on.

The satisfaction which my known disinclination for battle has diffused among my male acquaintance is universal. If I had designedly consulted the greatest happiness of that boon more universally. Man is a bully, who is never so pleased as when he is flapping his wings over some other cock of the walk who has succumbed to him, and at my approach there was not one in our village circle who did not begin to cower.

Major Blazer, late of the Plungers, and now retired to this pastoral solitude of Tynion Parva, inflated himself as I drew near, as if he were an aeronaut about to ascend, who carried his balloon inside him. It did not displease me to feel morally certain that I was indirectly hastening the major on to his natural doom of apoplexy. He hectored, he domineered, he turned all sorts of colors, in his tremendous superiority, and, in fact, behaved himself in all respects after the manner of a farm yard turkey cock, nay, he was inferior to that foolish bird, inasmuch as the major would never have been good eating, although you might have easily "devilled" his legs with the expressions he made use of. He had some, more or less, *Salsigne* expletive for his each particular limb and feature, and when he had consigned them all to perdition, he used to begin with mine. If, in short, the major was a specimen of them our troops had not degenerated in the accomplishment of bad language since the days in which they swore so terribly in Flanders. My unassuming presence incited this warrior, I felt convinced, to coin anathemas, and therefore, for his own sake, as well as my own, I kept out of his way as much as possible.

Dr. Carven, who hated the major because he habitually designated the medical portion of his late profession as *Salsigne*, and who will, I know, defer the opening of his vein, when that apoplexy does come, as long as he decently can, yet joined with the dismounted Plunger in trampling upon my moral carcass. After having been walked over (in spurts) at Powderham Cottage, the doctor would come on to No. 1 Pigeon Villa, and take it out on me.

Our vector, the Rev. Double Fyst, was as combative as either of these, and derived an equal pleasure from my company. The circle of society for which that divine was intended by nature is, I feel convinced, the prize-ring, and although he is always talking about his "cloth," I have never seen one rag of it about him, except, indeed, he means the table-cloth—for he is the best trencher man in Tynion Parva.

"If it were not for my cloth, sir," he would say, swinging his colored right arm, or exhibiting to me the muscles thereof, as though he were my hired model, "I would astonish that man. He should not pounce twice in my spinney, sir." And if Mr. F. were to publish his "Short Way with Disasters," it would be a very striking performance indeed.

When these three gentlemen met to play at cards, and I was the fourth, it may be conjectured that the evening did not pass rapidly, but long as that long whilst often was, the longest month in my life was not passed in that amusement, as many an evening was, amid the contempt of my adversaries, and the unnatural detestation of my partner. My four weeks' misery lies at the door of no human being.

"Ghosts!" murmurs the fair reader beneath her breath, as she edges nearer to the bell handle, "it is going to be a ghost story, after all."

No, madam, your exquisite intuition has failed you for this once. Ghosts have given me many a long night, which, added together, would doubtless make up a month, and more. I have dreamed of them; I have awakened, and sat up in bed to think of them, to listen for them; I have met them for something very like them both indoors and out of doors after nightfall, to the great disturbance of my equanimity, but, nevertheless, it was not a ghost which made that month so long.

It was neither man, nor woman, nor was it a ghost. It was a dog, madam, a great black dog, which went raving mad in the month appointed by the calendar for dogs to do so, and let me in the top.

Some persons are kind of dogs, or, at least, are gifted with a natural indifference to them. Their bark does not cause any thrill of terror; their objectionable habit of sniffing about one's ankles excites no apprehension; but it is quite otherwise with me. Many a picturesque ruin have I omitted to explore in my artist rambles, deterred by the presence of a dog, and many a country inn have I passed by fasting for the same reason. It is true that there were often "people about" (as the saying is) in these cases, who would have doubtless called off the rapacious animal, had he attacked me; but called him off from what? From my mangled remains, which he would very likely not be permitted to devour, but not from my unseated and original form. Many a guinea—be confounded in reality to take 10s. 6d. but both doctor and patient prefer to speak of the fee as though it were two guineas—many a guinea of mine, I say, has Dr. Carven missed through keeping that horrid terrier pup which used to sit and snarl at his garden gate, until it was one day devoured at a gulp by the rector's Newfoundland dog. Rather than encounter the small but ferocious creature in question, I have often taken a long country walk instead of his master's advice, and cured my indigestion with-out a dinner pill from his dispensary. If he had kept a cat instead, it would have been a clear ten pound a year in his pocket, not to mention the absence of dog-tax—the wisest impost, by the by, in my opinion, that was ever laid by a patriotic parliament upon a country that does not know what is good for it.

What was far worse, however, than the doctor's keeping a dog, was that Jonathan Outlands of the Home Farm, the father of my then beautiful Eliza, kept a couple. They used to sit on either side of his garden gate, like the lions in the *Pilgrims' Progress*, and I was Mr. Faintheart, who never dared pass between them to ring the bell. I dare say Eliza thought me very remote on the days when I didn't call, but although I would readily have gone through fire and water in moderation to oblige her, I could not face the terrible creatures, Jack and Jumbo. These huge black beasts delighted in contest, for, as Dr. Watts observes (who, of all poets, understands dogs best), "it was their nature to," and when they had no one else to growl at, they absently growled at one another. This I know, for I have heard them scores of times, when they doubtless believed themselves to be alone, and stood behind the angle of the wall waiting for somebody to bear me company through the perilous pass they guarded. I never knew the creatures apart—which was Jack and which was Jumbo—not, indeed, was it necessary that I should do so, since they were always together. My Eliza pretended to be very fond of them, but from the first I gave her to understand that she must choose between me and them—"Love me, love my two black dogs," being too great an expansion of the proverbial demand to be tolerated for a moment.

It was August, and the weather was more than usually "seasonable," which is the expression, I believe, used by all well regulated persons, when it is either too cold in winter, or too hot in summer. The tiles of No. 1 Pigeon Villa were like those of a Dutch oven; the white road threw back the heat into our first floor windows like a meat screen. All Tynion Parva was baked; its thin folks were dried up like mummies, its fat folks shimmered and shone. Major Blazer's purple countenance glistened as he moved, like one of his own cucumber glasses. A public meeting was convened, to consider the propriety of muzzling all dogs whatsoever, and I need not say upon which side my vote, my interest, and my eloquence were enlisted; but the major (out of mere bravado, for he kept no dog) was dead against us; so was the master of the terrier pup, of course; and so was the Rev. Double Fyst. This last gentleman pook-pooked every precaution with a contempt that was positively indecent. "He was

afraid," he said, "of no dog living, either mad or sane. If people would only understand how to treat these animals, the smallest child might subdue the most dangerous of mania. A little switch of hazel or willow was all that was required. He was imagining an extreme case, but when the dog made its leap at your throat (sensation), all you had to do was to strike its fore-foot sharply with the switch, and the creature would instantly turn tail and flee."

The parson was known to be an eminently practical man, and his speech was conclusive; the dogs went about unmuzzled, and the man with hazel switches and directions for use. Even I carried a little switch about myself, although with the same belief in its efficacy as in that of a divining rod. In the middle of August, 18—, I was returning from a country walk with my portfolio under my arm; the day had been deliciously passed in a certain beech wood, where I had been making a "study" of a tree for dear Eliza's album. I was not aware how intensely warm it had been (for copper beeches do not get red hot) until I left the wood and reached the blinding road, which had been receiving the rays of the sun for so many hours, the ground almost scorched my feet in five minutes I became as "dusty and deliquescent" as any of Sydney Smith's stout female clergy, for there was not shade enough on either side the way to accommodate a thermometer; and I was at least a mile and a half from Pigeon Villas. Suddenly I heard distant shouts, and that sort of tumult which is called in old stage directions "an excursion." There was certainly something of an exciting nature occurring in the village. It could not be the mummery, because they only appear at Christmas; nor could it be Jack-in-the-Green, who belongs only to May; and unless for these excitements, Tynion Parva was sunk in torpor all the year round. Presently I heard a gun go off, which caused me to regret that I had left the shelter of the beech wood so far behind me. What could have happened? I did not believe the French had landed, for they would scarcely have dared to do so during Major Blazer's lifetime; but I did think that there possibly might be a general rising of the peasantry. For all that I knew, Tynion Parva, and what was worse, Miss Eliza Outlands, of the Home Farm, might be in the very arms of revolution. A horseman at full speed comes fleeing from the scene of disorder. "The yeomanry, then," said I to myself, "are routed, and the poaching portion of the community are probably roasting the Rev. Double Fyst and my future brother-in-law before a slow fire." I had always warned them that their game preserving would lead to something of this sort. As the man drew near, I recognized in him a farmer in the neighborhood, and called out to know what was the matter. "Oh! nothing," answered he, as he fled by; "only a mad dog. One of Mr. Jonathan Outlands's black uns is running a muck."

I sat down in the dry ditch by the road side, and mopped my forehead. Only a mad dog? Good Heavens, had I already bitten Eliza? Had it bitten that little cur at the doctor's door which lay between home and me? Those horrible apprehensions were absorbed by a danger so terrible, so real, that the hair of my head arose, and swayed tremulously from side to side, as a field of corn is agitated by contrary winds. I beheld upon the horizon of the road a speck, a dot, a comma, (alas, it was far from being a full stop) which approached with hideous velocity, expanded, and disclosed a black dog running with his tongue out—the always abominable Jumbo, and now mad.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in my own bed at No. 1 Pigeon Villas, I saw this very literally "with half an eye," for I felt too exhausted to thoroughly arouse myself, and as soon as I had become aware of my position, I shut the lid again, and gave myself up to reflection. A dull aching pain in my left calf materially assisted my memory in recalling what had happened, and there was a suppressed hum of conversation about me, which supplied the rest.

"He was first seen by my dashed gardener," exclaimed a pompous voice familiar to me, "running like the devil's own, and exclaiming, 'Tant dashed Jumbo has bitten me, run for a dashed Salsigne!'"

"Mr. Palette has his faults, sir, but he does not sweat," returned Mr. Double Fyst, sternly. "No man shall swear in my company, major, mind that, no matter who he is."

"Right, sir," assented a third voice, tremulous with passion; "nor is Mr. Palette accustomed to apply scandalous and ignominious terms to a profession which in all ages has obtained the respect and—"

"Come, come," interrupted a fourth person, who was no other than Mr. Jonathan Outlands himself, "do not wrangle, gentlemen, over what may be a dead man before the day is out. It is your place to advise, Dr. Carven, and ours to assist you to the best of our power. Now, what is to be done?"

"The only effectual remedy in cases of this kind," observed the doctor, "is excision of the wounded part, and that, I am afraid, has been already deferred too long; that twitching of the leg you see affords presumptive evidence of the virus having entered into the system. Still—I have not my instruments with me, but if the poker is in the kitchen-fire, something may yet be done by cauterization."

"Stop!" cried I, with vehemence, starting up in bed, and addressing the company; "listen to me, and desist from your foolish purpose, for I am not mad at present, and what I say I mean. If you venture so much as to lay a finger on me, you, sir, or you, or you, I'll mix!" and I opened my jaws, to illustrate this threat, to the uttermost.

In an instant, the room was cleared, and I had sprung out of bed and locked the door. They had fled from me, those brag-garts, like chaff before the wind. The brutal and licentious warrior, the fighting parson, the cold-blooded disciple of science, the

stubborn and hard-handed agriculturist—ha, ha, ha, ha! Gracious goodness, why did I laugh like that? Was I then already lunatic? Was Jumbo even now permeating my system? Yes, I could not conceal from myself that I felt a sort of longing to go upon all fours; to smell things; to throw back my head, and howl at the shades of evening, as was the nightly habit of that abominable animal. Panic-stricken, I crept between the sheets again, and tried to think that I was only retiring to rest a little earlier than usual, and that there was nothing the matter.

There came a knock at the door. "Mr. Palette," said the doctor through the keyhole, "we mean you no harm; the time is gone by for the operation you seem so much to dread. Open the door, and, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself, your reason and your life alike depend upon your keeping mind and body tranquil. Pray, open the door."

To this request, with the proviso, that his myrmidons should take their departure forthwith, I consented, and Dr. Carven examined the wound. It was a perfectly visible dog-bite, but inconceivable in extent, and unattended with much inflammation.

"Is it not possible that the cloth of the trousers may have wiped the virus from his teeth?" inquired I, with anxiety. "He merely made a snap in passing, as I lifted up that ridiculous switch to keep him off."

"A snap?" sighed the doctor, despondingly; "ah, that's an almost certain sign of rabies. No, Mr. Palette, it would only be cruel to deceive you. I knew a case which occurred to a lady of the first fashion—a patient of my own, sir—whose clothes were torn by a dog in a similar condition; he never so much as touched her skin at all. The lady sewed up the rent with impunity, but unfortunately bit off the thread with her teeth, and the mischief was done. She refused hock and soda-water—her favorite drink, sir—upon the thirteenth day, and I had the honor of forming part of the funeral cortege, which was upon a style—But you must compose yourself, Mr. Palette—you must, indeed. Now, what I was about to suggest is this: do you think you could bear a kettledrum of boiling water poured slowly on this little abrasion? for, indeed, it is nothing more. This is the very best remedy, with the exception of the actual cautery which science has suggested; but it requires a little firmness on the part of the patient. If you will permit me to confine your arms and legs with this belt—Lem-mee, Mr. Palalalalal—lemmegoosir—my did-did dear friend, let me go."

I had very nearly suffocated the man. I had leaped from my couch, and pinned him by the neck to the wall. His cravat was always tight, and I had almost made an end of him. Boiling water, indeed!

"Beware," cried I, "beware lest you taste of my despair, and learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare!"

I saw the doctor's cold eye quail before me as I executed a sort of war dance of defiance in my day-shirt. This hectoring fellow was but a coward, then, after all.

"Now," cried I, "tell me the worst, or perish, Dr. Carven. Mention the very earliest time at which, if I am to die, the madness will make itself apparent."

"No man has ever exhibited the disease as yet," murmured the doctor, tremulously, "before the eleventh day."

I retreated once more to my pillow, prostrated and unweary. Ten days of agonizing indecision! It would be enough to drive a man mad, even if he had not been bitten at all!

"And what is the earliest period at which you will be able to certify me out of danger?"

"Not till this day month," returned the doctor, solemnly; "a month is the very earliest at which I could risk my reputation by a decision."

It was this, as may well be imagined, which was the Longest Month in my Life. I was perpetually feeling my jaw, to discover whether it was getting locked or no. Whenever I took the least chill, I imagined it to be that rigor which is one of the worst features of hydrophobia. When I had the slightest disinclination to take my usual quantity of sherry, the misfortune of that lady of fashion who had omitted to use scissors was brought to my remembrance, as it were, by a hearse and six. If there was the slightest itching where the mark of the bite had been (for it soon disappeared), I gave myself up for lost.

The only satisfaction I enjoyed during this awful period, was that of imposing terror on those who had once played the bully over me.

I walked into the parish church one afternoon, while the Rev. Double Fyst was christening an infant, and he could scarcely get through the service for sheer fright. He shook so that I thought he would have dropped the babe; and all because I looked a little wild, and asked whether there was much water in the font.

The doctor passed his daily visits to me in a state of abject trepidation. I had been forbidden by Mr. Outlands to come near the Home Farm, "until my madness had declared itself, or I was safe" (a most ridiculous alternative); but I walked into his oak parlor, and demanded to see my Eliza, like some feudal baron addressing his meaneast vassal, and Eliza came. I explained to her that I should abstain from kissing her, for fear of the possible consequences of contagion, and the dear girl assented to that prudential resolution without a murmur.

It was the evening of the last day of this long, long month that I sat with the Beloved Object in the yew-tree arbor of the garden of the Home Farm. With the morrow's sun I should welcome, as it were, a new existence; safe and sane, I might then venture to look forward to live a life like other men. I was on the threshold of happiness, and felt almost as secure as though I had passed it. I could even converse upon the calamity which had so deeply darkened the last few weeks of my life with comparative calmness. I was de-

scribing how full of the thought of my Eliza I had been, how elastic my step, how joyous my whole being, when the black dog Jumbo, like some wicked magician, had appeared on the horizon, and blasted all things.

"The village clock," said I, with dramatic emphasis, "had tolled the solemn hour of five—"

"Nay, love, it must have been long before five," interposed Eliza.

"Excuse me, dearest," rejoined I; "I not only heard the clock strike, but compared it with my own watch at the time. My last feeling of consciousness in connection with Jumbo, was that he appeared in sight exactly at five o'clock. Although I was at some distance, I heard the chimes distinctly, and they reminded me, dearest, of marriage-bells."

"Our Jumbo was shot before five o'clock, I know," asserted Eliza, with greater positiveness than at that time, I could have imagined her capable of exhibiting.

"Then he bit me after death," returned I with calmness.

A terrible suspicion flitted across the beautiful countenance of my Eliza.

"The Ides of March, or at least of September, are come," thought she; "but they are not yet gone. My Augustus is losing his senses after all."

I perceived her suspicions, but thought it better to make no observation.

"And what is become of Jack?" asked I, with indifference.

"Alas," said she, with a little tremor in her tone, "nothing has been heard of that poor dog from that day to this. He took the Beechwood road at full speed the instant that his unhappy brother was despatched, and mortal eye has not since lit upon him."

"Yes, it has," cried I, with a jubilant shout, and leaping a foot or two into the air—"yes, it has, my Eliza. Don't be afraid. This eye has lit upon him. I see it all now. There has never been the slightest chance of my going mad. It was Jack that I met, and not Jumbo. The shot I heard in the village was the latter animal's death knell. I shall now proceed to kiss you, my Eliza. Don't be afraid."

The next half hour in that yew-tree arbor was by far the shortest thirty minutes in that month. I subsequently walked home on air upon Cupid's wings. As I passed Powderham Cottage, I saw Major Blazer walking in his garden, and a sudden yearning for revenge took possession of me. In an instant, I had vaulted over the little gate, and was by his side. To say he started would be to give but a feeble idea of the jump he gave.

"Ha, ha!" cried I maniacally, "a beautiful morning, is it not? (It being then about 9 o'clock, P. M.) How nice the sun shines, doesn't it?"

"Ye-ye-yes," stammered the major, looking towards his door. "It shines dashed nicely."

"Major Blazer," returned I, with fiendish malignity, "you lie, and you know it. It is evening, sir; nay, it is night. Boo!"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir; it is night."

I saw he was looking for a weapon, and got between him and a spade that was sticking in the flower bed.

"I am come to tea with you," exclaimed I, with enthusiasm. "I cannot touch wine or even water to-day, somehow, but I fancy I could touch tea. I don't think it would give me those strange spasmodic twitches that other liquids do. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The major's purple countenance had changed to a livid whiteness. He could scarcely keep his legs, they trembled so as he edged backwards.

His fingers were, however, upon the door-handle as I made my grand coup.

"Do you observe anything in my cough, major, besides its being musical?" And I coughed as much as possible in imitation of the canine species. "Do you know Dr. Carven says—"

In another instant, the door was slammed with the utmost violence in my face, and I heard the major putting up the chain, and calling for his pistols.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked I, "you're nothing but a fat coward." And finishing with three decided barks through the keyhole, I hurried home.

The Longest Month in my Life was thus satisfactorily ended, and it has since borne fruits of the most agreeable character; I do not so much refer to my marriage with Eliza, as to the increased respect with which I am treated by the three magnificences of Tynion. Before I was bitten by Jumbo (as was supposed), I was at a disadvantage in their company. They had found out my weak point, and I was not aware that such doughty individuals as they possessed such a thing. But now, on the slightest approach to hectoring on the part of any one of them, I have merely to cough in a certain significant and dog-like manner, and they change color, and are civil upon the instant. They remember that I have seen them all with their white feathers on in that Longest Month of my Life.

THE WOMEN OF A NATION.—I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absorbed.—*Touqueville.*

THE BABY MARKET OF NEW YORK.

FROM THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

(See Engraving on First Page.)

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For Fortune, fair or fat;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babycorn Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

There is an old saying, "One-half the world does not know how the other half obtains a livelihood," and as the reader scans the annexed advertisement, and as his mind seizes the aim and object of the establishment which is thus brought into public notice by the assistance of one of the New York dailies, he will admit the truth of the aphorism.

"Children taken for adoption, and children adopted out for homes. Three children, from twenty months to one year old, wanted at No. — street, New York."

So, come with me to No. — street, New York. Let us, together, visit the Baby Market of Gotham. Do not start at the phantom.

The house is respectable. Look! a small servant girl—keen, sharp and agile as a cat in twilight—opens the door to us.

"Please, gentlemen, walk into the parlor, till Missus gets done spanking Napoleon."

Ah, you look at me with wonder! and a little comic smile sadly plays with your philosophic melancholy. Let us enter the parlor. Nothing indicates the occupation of the owner of these rosewood lounges—yet, the statue of Cupid, painted black, which fills a conspicuous station in the parlor, suggests some strange reflections.

Hush! women are taking leave of each other! Listen—has the mother sold her child?—or has a stranger purchased a foundling? No matter. The tones are kindly and gentle, indicating the culture of the voice and manner which is obtained only in good society. Heigho! Pish, man! why do you sigh; do you think the poor are the only criminals?

The mistress of the establishment enters. She is a portly woman, of thirty or thereabouts; handsome, well dressed, keen eyed, unblinking, and resolute. She speaks; a rich voice, full of deep melody, exercises over us the spell of authority.

"You are looking for a baby, sir. Male or female?"

"Male."

"If you want something very nice, I think I have a very baby that will suit you.—Mary" (Eater Mary). "Bring down Brooklyn Heights!"

The lady reads our unuttered thought.—Brooklyn Heights! and she answers them: "You see, gentlemen, I have so many, I'm obliged to give them all characteristic names, something suggested by, or associated with, their history. It saves confusion, and is an easy way of keeping the record. How many have I on hand? let me see—eighteen—eight males and ten females, of all ages between three weeks and twelve months. Do I never have them younger? Oh, yes, a day old, if necessary."

"Do you ever tell their parentage?"

At this question Madame looks a perfect sphynx of reticence.

"Oh, yes, they are all my own, because I bought 'em. The instant a child enters that door it loses father and mother, and becomes my property."

"Do parents ever come to reclaim children when they are sold and away?"

"Gentlemen, every occupation has its objections, and my own is not exempt; but I have neither time nor inclination to recount them now."

At this juncture a faint cry from above stairs is heard, and Mary approaches, bearing in triumph Brooklyn Heights, a small, rather fat baby, with a head wonderfully and fearfully made.

"Now, there's a baby for you."

But Brooklyn Heights is not altogether satisfactory to either you or me, and Madame desires Mary to bring down Jeff Davis.

"Bring down Jeff Davis," says Madame, "he looks so wicked, gentlemen, I thought I'd call him Jeff Davis; and Mary while you're about it, bring Irish Molly and Baltimore Pet."

I suggest that naming a child Jeff Davis just now, is like turning a cur into the street, and shouting mad dog!

Madame has no doubt, however, but some Union-loving father will give a more honored name to the wail.

I have one little rascal, eleven months old, who steals all the pap he can lay his hands on. I call him Floyd. Unless he's well brought up, he'll be hanged to a certainty. Oh! here's Jeff. Where's Baltimore Pet, Mary?"

"He ain't in the nursery, mum, I guess he's a crawlin' up the attic steps. I've brought Floyd and Molly." And now the scene becomes exciting.

Jeff Davis is a very weak and sickly baby, with evident marks of having been brought up by hand. Madame admits having small hope of his living long. Jeff is, as she feelingly observes, a losing investment. Poor little fellow, he seems to have a stout heart in his little blue-pinched body, and he tries to get up a laugh as though he didn't care. I don't like to look at him, and I turn my attention to Irish Molly, who doubles her tiny fists and shows her Milesian origin by evident fighting ability. "This child is perfectly formed all over—her name is Irish Molly." She howls vehemently, "cause she is tittin her tootey pegs," says the small servant, (who seems really attached to the children). Molly and Jeff are removed, and Floyd is set on the carpet, and is left to exhibit his sturdy limbs, while Madame expatiates on his merits. "See what a splendid head this child has; his name is Floyd."

The image of you, sir, would pass any-

where for your own. I'm sure your wife would be delighted with him. He's had the measles—they came out beautiful—has been vaccinated, and is as healthy as a prince. Oh, I ever have trouble with sick children? Do, yes; children require great care. It is my interest, if nothing else, to nurse them. I cannot sell sick children; you see, I never receive children with inherited diseases, and for simple complaints it is so much pleasanter to nurse a child and sell it to those who'll treat it well, than to chuck it into an ash barrel."

"Into an ash barrel?"

"Very few. There are some children left at my door I wouldn't have at any price—one left last night, I sent right off to the Poorhouse. It doesn't pay to take that kind."

"Do you lose many?"

"No; not many. I never lost but one, he must have crawled away, I never could find him."

"I mean do many die on your hands?"

"Very few. I generally send them to the Poorhouse for burial."

"On the whole how do you succeed?"

"Very well. I have as much custom in my different occupations, as I can attend to, alone. But, gentlemen, my time is somewhat pre-occupied to-day. If neither Brooklyn Heights nor Floyd will suit your purpose, you can see all the rest in the nursery."

Let us go into the "nursery."

We enter, and instantly a dozen pairs of round, shadowless eyes are turned on us, and twelve fine babies begin to "take notice," with all their might. The children look fat, happy and contented, and as well circumstanced, as far as present needs are concerned, as any children in Christendom. The linen surrounding them is clean and plentiful; the room warm and well ventilated, and there is plenty of milk and farinaceous food in sight.

We inspect the babies! And as both you and I have had the advantage of experience, we manage the inspection with an ability that attracts the surprise of the mistress of the nursery. Madame again calls our attention to Brooklyn Heights. We acknowledge that Brooklyn Heights is the successful candidate for our parental affection.

Madame fixes the price of Brooklyn at fifty dollars, and he'd be a bargain at that. I've kept him back for some time, as I want him to go among nice people. Some come much higher; there's Japhet now; I send him off to Orange county to-morrow morning. Two hundred and fifty dollars Japhet brought me, and he's worth every cent of it."

Lucky Japhet!

Further reflections are cut short by Madame:

"Well, sir, shall I consider Brooklyn Heights your property?"

"You may, Madame, I will call for him this evening with a market basket."

Promising to be punctual, and with mutual assurances of satisfaction, we bow ourselves out.

And so, we have done our duty. Reader, you now know the secret of the New York Baby Market.

LOVE AND SKATES.

A sensitive New Englander, writing from Massachusetts, acknowledges himself caught, and asks if he was not justified by the circumstances which he relates. Here is a case. Well, sir, Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be had in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her. We went down upon the ice, and there Mary just sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and I quietly placed that foot, the foot in my lap, and bid me put on her skates. Sir, had Venus dropped down from Heaven, it could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint—but I buckled on the skates and stood up, with Mary by my side! No; well let me tell you. You have seen a kaleidoscope, with a few odd bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it, have seen all sorts of beautiful figures. Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curling eyelashes, lips, ivory, wavy hair, crimoline, gaiter boots, zephyr worsted, cupid's hearts, darts, a cloud of thunder, a flash of lightning and "and Nick." Imagine yourself the centre of a system, with all those things revolving around you, and a violet bank breathing sighs on you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson. Mary and I start—she on my left arm—square. First, Mary's dear little gaiter boots presented themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me, I felt them pressing their blessed beauty with emphasis into the pit of my stomach. Next scene—Wavy hair, with \$20 bonnet and a divine head come pitching into my waistcoat, with such a force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Mary gazes at me from between my jack-boots, and anon her blessed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah! my friends, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain till, in this eventful year of 1862, the fashion of skating has opened new and various sources of information.

Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how that infernal perverse beast that you selected for your leader, would insist on turning short round and staring you in the face, as to ask "what the deuce you'd be at?" Well, just try to try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it. Ah! won't you come to the conclusion that women have sundry and divers ways of accomplishing their objects? Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came round. I am here.

If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the side for your share, and give him the outside.

WHAT IS IT?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What kept the moss agrowing
Through January's snowing?
It knew—oh, never doubt it!
The blasted tree without it
Would bleaker seem, and older
To summer's new beholder.
So, green through all the snowing,
Twas love that kept it growing.

What was the water saying
Beneath the ice-roof playing,
Whereon the sunshine listened,
While underneath it glistened?
"Oh, kingly sun, arisen
To loose me from my prison,
I murmur not from grieving,
I sing, in thee believing."

What brought the peach-buds swelling
From out their birchen dwelling?
The song of blue-birds won them,
Fresh music, poured upon them,
In bloom is overflowing:
The blush and perfume showing
That life is richer, better,
Joy's never-pardoned debtor.

Oh, loving, soul fresh faces,
Moss of deserted places—
Oh, voices of the chosen,
Through deadliest cold unfrozen—
Oh, lives with beauty brimming,
Glad in heaven's near hymning,
Ye know the hidden glory,
Who else may tell that story?

Grow, sing, and bloom undaunted!
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor,
Soft lights, and murmurs tender.
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving!

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GREAT MEDICINE.

As we have stated, Marksman, after leading Red Wolf to the door of the temple, and seeing him retire, re-entered the sanctuary, closing the door after him. The Comanche Chief was waiting him, with shoulder leaning against the wall, and folded arms.

"Thanks for your help, Chief," he said.

"Without you I was lost."

"For a long time," the Indian replied.

"Flying Eagle was hearing, though invisible, his brother's conversation with Red Wolf."

"Well, we have got rid of him for a long time; I hope, now, that nothing will occur to mar our plans or prevent their success."

The warrior shook his head in contradiction.

"Do you doubt it, Chief?" the hunter asked.

"I doubt it more than ever."

"Why so, when everything is going on as well as we can desire, when all obstacles are levelled before us?"

"Oh! Obstacles are levelled, but others greater and more difficult to overcome arise immediately."

"I do not understand you, Chief. Have you any ill news to tell me? If so, speak quickly, for time is precious."

"My brother shall judge," the chief said, simply. Then, turning half away, he clasped his hand thrice. And if this inoffensive signal had the power to call up phantoms, two men instantaneously emerged from the shadow, and appeared before the hunter's astonished eyes. Marksman looked at them for a moment, and then clasped his hand with surprise, muttering—

"Brighteye and Don Miguel here! Mercy, what will become of us?"

"Is that the way you receive us, my friend?" Don Miguel asked, affectionately.

"In Heaven's name, what have you come here for?"

"What evil inspiration urged you to join me when all was going on so well, and success, I may say, was insured?"

"We have not come to cross your plans; on the contrary, alarmed by the thought of your being among these demons, we wished to see you and help you, were that possible."

"I thank you for your good intentions. Unfortunately, they are more injurious than useful under present circumstances. But how did you manage to enter the city?"

"Oh, very easily," Brighteye answered, and he told, in a few words, how they had joined him. The hunter shook his head.

"It was a bold action," he said, "and I must allow that it was well carried out. But how does it profit you to have incurred such perils? greater ones await you here, profitless, and of no advantage to us."

"Perhaps so; but whatever happens," Don Miguel answered, firmly, "you understand that I have not blindly exposed myself to all these dangers without a very powerful motive."

"I suppose so, but I try in vain to discover the motive."

"You need not search long. I will tell you."

"Speak."

"I must—you understand, I hope, old fellow," he said, laying a stress on each syllable, "I must see Dona Laura."

"See Dona Laura! It is impossible," Marksman exclaimed.

"I know nothing about impossibility; but this I know, that I will see her."

"You are mad, on my soul, Don Miguel; it is impossible, I tell you."

The adventurer shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"I repeat that I will see her," he said, with resolution, even if, to reach her, I were com-

pelled to wade in blood up to my waist; I insist on it, and it shall be so."

"But what will you do?"

"I do not know, and care little. If you refuse to help me, well, Brighteye and I will find means, will we not, old comrade?"

"It is certain, Don Miguel," the latter answered, in the placid tone habitual to him, "that I shall not leave you in the lurch. As to finding a plan of reaching the captives, we shall find it, but I will not answer that it is a good one, though."

There was a lengthened silence. Marksman was startled at Don Miguel's resolution, which he knew to be inflexible; he calculated mentally the chances, good and bad, which the young man's untoward arrival offered for the success of his schemes. At last he took the word.

"I will not try," he said to Don Miguel, "any longer to dissuade you from attempting to see the maidens; I have known you long enough to feel that it would be useless, and that my arguments would, probably, only urge you to commit an act of irreparable insanity. I therefore take upon myself to lead you to Dona Laura."

"You promise it?" the young man exclaimed quickly.

"Yes; but on one condition."

"Speak! whatever it be, I accept it."

"Good; when the moment arrives, I will let you know, but take my advice, and ask Flying Eagle to perfect your disguise; in the way you and Brighteye are dressed at this moment, you could not take a step in the city without being recognized. Now I leave you, for day has broken, and I must go to the High Priest; I leave you in charge of Flying Eagle; follow his instructions carefully, for you stake the life, not only of yourself, but of those you desire to save."

The young man shivered at the thought.

"I will obey you," he said; "but you will keep your promise?"

"I will keep it this very day."

After whispering a few words to Flying Eagle, Marksman left the three men in the temple and went out.

The Amantzin was preparing to go to the temple at the moment the hunter entered his palace. At once, curious like the true Indian he was, had not left the High Priest since the previous evening, in order to be present at the medicine man's second visit, which, judging from the first, he assumed would be very interesting. The hunter returned, accompanied by the Amantzin, who was his shadow, to the maidens' apartment. He then attained the certainty that Dona Laura could, without inconvenience, support the fatigue of being carried out of the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun. The girl had, with the hope of a speedy deliverance, resigned her strength, and the disease which had undermined her had disappeared, as if by enchantment. As for Laura, more dubious when the High Priest retired for the hunter demanded to be left alone with his patients, she said to the Canadian—

"We shall be ready to follow you when you order, Marksman, but on one condition."

"How a condition?" the hunter exclaimed.

Then he added, mentally, "What is the meaning of this? Am I to meet obstacles on all sides? Speak, Nina," he continued. "I am listening to you."

"Pardon any apparent harshness in my words. We do not doubt your loyalty. Heaven guard us from it still."

"You do distrust me," the hunter interrupted, in a tone of chagrin. "However, I ought to expect it, for you both know me too little to put faith in me."

"Alas!" Dona Laura said. "Such is the misfortune of our position, that, in spite of ourselves, we tremble to meet traitors on all sides."

"That miserable Addick, to whom Don Miguel trusted," Dona Laura added, "how has he behaved to us?"

"That is true, you are obliged to speak so! What can I do to prove to you certainly that you can place full and entire confidence in me?"

The maidens blushed, and looked at each other with hesitation.

"Come," the hunter said, simply, "I will remove all your doubts. This evening I will see you again, and a man will accompany me who, I believe, will be able to convince you."

"Whom do you mean?" Dona Laura asked, quickly. "Don Miguel?"

"He will come," the maidens exclaimed, simultaneously.

"This evening, I promise you."

The girls threw themselves into each others' arms to hide their blushes and confusion.

The hunter, after admiring the graceful group for a moment, went out, saying in a soft and sympathetic voice—

"This evening."

The Amantzin and Atoyac were impatiently awaiting the result of the visit in the vestibule of the palace. When the hunter joined them, and the High Priest began questioning him as to the condition of the patients, he seemed to reflect for a moment, then answered, in a grave voice—

"My father is a wise man; nothing equals his knowledge; his heart can repose, for his captives will soon be delivered from the evil spirit that possesses them."

"My father speaks the truth?" the Amantzin asked, trying to read in the medicine man's face the degree of credit he should give him.

But the latter was impenetrable.

"Listen," he answered, "to what the Great Spirit revealed to me during the night; at this moment a *Tiacotezin* from a remote hut has arrived at the city. I do not know his name, but he has come before this day. It is this divine man who must aid us in saving the sick maidens. He alone knows what remedies must be administered to them."

"Still," the High Priest said, with an accent of ill-boded suspicion, "my father has given us proofs of his immense learning, why does he not finish alone what he has so well begun?"

"I am a simple man, whose strength resides in the protection the Wacodah grants me. He has revealed to me the means to restore health to the sufferers; I must obey."

The High Priest bowed submissively, and requested the hunter to confide to him what he proposed doing.

The unknown *Tiacotezin* will tell that to my father when he has seen the captives," Marksman answered; "but he will not have long to wait. I feel the approach of the divine man. Let my father admit him without delay."

Exactly at this moment several blows were struck on the outer door. The High Priest, subdued by the hunter's assurance, hastened to open it. Don Miguel appeared; thanks to Flying Eagle, he was unrecognizable. It is almost unnecessary to state that this scene had been arranged by the hunter and the Comanche Chief during the short conversation they had before separating.

Don Miguel took a scrutinizing look around.

"Where are the sick persons I am ordered by the Wacodah to deliver from the evil spirit?" he said, in a stern voice.

The High Priest and the hunter exchanged a glance of intelligence. The two Indians were confounded. The arrival of this man, so clearly predicted by Marksman, appeared a prodigy.

We will not describe the conversation that took place between Don Miguel and the maidens when they at length met; we will restrict ourselves to saying that, after an hour's visit, which elapsed to the young folks with the rapidity of a moment, Marksman succeeded, with great difficulty, in separating them, and returned with the adventurer to the High Priest, whose suspicions he feared to arouse.

"Courage!" the hunter whispered during the walk, "all is going on well; leave me to manage the rest."

"Well!" the High Priest asked, so soon as they appeared.

Marksman drew himself up majestically, and assuming a stern and imposing accent, said—

"Listen to the words which the great Wacodah breathes in my chest and sends up to my lips; this is what the divine man here present says: the two suns that follow this are of evil augury, but on the evening of the third, when the moon spreads its beneficent light, my son, the Sachem Atoyac, will take the skin of a vicuña, which my father, the venerated Amantzin, of Quepasau Tan, will kill in the arena, which he will bless in the name of Teotl, he will spread this skin on the top of a hillock, which is a little way out of the city, in order that the evil spirit, on leaving from the maidens, may not enter any of the inhabitants, and then lead the captives to the spot where the skin is stretched out."

"One of them, though," the High Priest remarked, "is incapable of leaving the hammock on which her body reposes."

"The wisdom of my son dwells in each of his words; but he may reassure himself, the Wacodah will give the necessary strength to those he wishes to save."

The Amantzin was restrained to bow before this unanswerable argument.

"When what I have explained to my father is done," the Canadian continued imperiously, "he will choose four of the bravest warriors of his nation to help him in guarding his captives during the night. And after I have given the Amantzin and the men who accompany him a liquor to drink, which will protect them from all evil influences, my brother, the divine *Tiacotezin*, will expel the wicked spirit that torments the pale women."

The High Priest and the Sachem listened silently, and seemed to be reflecting. The Canadian perceived it, and hastened to add—

"Although the Wacodah assists us, and gives us the necessary power to conquer, still, it is necessary that my brother the Amantzin, and the four warriors he selects, should pass the night preceding the great medicine with us in the sanctuary. Atoyac will give, as an offering to the Wacodah, twenty fair cavates to the wise Amantzin. Will my brother do so?"

"Him!" the Indian said, but little flattered by the preference. "If I do so, what shall I gain by it?"

Marksman looked at him fixedly.

"The accomplishment before the second moon," he answered, "of the project which Atoyac has ripened so long in his mind."

The hunter spoke, haphazard; still, it seemed that the blow had told, for the Sachem answered, with considerable agitation—

"I will do it."

"My father is a wise man," the High Priest said, his brow having brightened when the hunter spoke of the offering of the twenty cavates, "may the Wacodah protect him."

"My son is kind," the Canadian contented himself with answering, and took leave of the two men.

On the square Flying Eagle and Brighteye were awaiting the coming out of the two adventures.

While proceeding towards their host's cell, Marksman explained his plan in its fullest details to his comrades. Nothing could be more simple, though, than this scheme, for it consisted in carrying off the maidens so soon as they were placed on the mound. This was the only possible chance of success, for they could not dream of employing force to get them out of the Palace of the Virgins of the Sun.

The delay of these days, fixed by Marksman before attempting his plan, was necessary, in order to send Flying Eagle off to his tribe, to fetch the reinforcements they would doubtless require, not during the pursuit, but must leave the city to warn the Gambusino of the day selected, so as to avoid any misunderstanding and place the hunters in good positions.

The same evening, Flying Eagle, Egantzin, and the great unknown God.

time, and Brighteye, as had been arranged, got into Red Wolf's canoe, who was waiting near the bridge, after the orders he received from Marksman. Egantzin was to remain in the Gambusino's camp, while Flying Eagle, mounted on the famous barb he had fortunately inherited from Don Estevan, would proceed with all speed to his tribe.

When Don Miguel and Marksman had seen their comrades safely off, they returned to Atoyac's cabin. The worthy Sachem, though he felt very angry at the loss of twenty cavates they had put on him, received them most cordially, not daring to infringe the laws of hospitality when dealing with men so powerful as the two physicians. While conversing, he told them that Addick and Red Wolf had disappeared from the city, no one knowing what had become of them. As for Red Wolf, the hunters knew all about it, so his departure did not trouble them; but it was not the same with Addick, who, as their host told them, set out at the head of a powerful war party. They suspected that the young Chief had gone to join Don Estevan, which urged them to double their prudence, for they expected some perditional machination from these two men.

The three days passed away in visits to the maidens and prayers in the Temple of the Sun. Still, the time seemed very long to Don Miguel and the ladies, who constantly trembled lest a fortuitous accident should disturb the well-arranged plan for their deliverance.

The last day, Marksman and Don Miguel were conversing, as they had grown accustomed to do, with Dona Laura and Dona Luisa, while recommending a passive obedience to all their injunctions, when they fancied they heard a rustling at the door of the apartment leading to that in which the prisoners were confined. Marksman, at once re-assuming his borrowed face, opened the door, and found himself face to face with the High Priest, who stepped away with the embarrassed air of a man detected in the satisfaction of his curiosity. Had he heard what the young people and the hunter had been saying in Spanish? Marksman, after reflection, did not think so; still, he thought it prudent to recommend his comrades to be on their guard.

This long day at length terminated, the sun set, and night arrived. All was ready for departure; the captives, each placed in a hammock, suspended from the shoulders of four vigorous slaves, were transported to the top of the mound chosen for the operation, and gently deposited in the vicuña skin. The High Priest, by Marksman's orders, stationed his warriors at the four cardinal points. He then uttered a few mysterious words, to which Don Miguel replied in a low voice, burnt some odoriferous grass, and bade the Indians and the High Priest kneel down to implore the unknown deity.

Don Miguel, during this period, gazed on the city, trying to distinguish if anything extraordinary were occurring. All was calm. The deepest silence reigned over the place. The two hunters, who had also knelt, rose up.

"Let my brothers redouble their prayers," Don Miguel said, in a hollow voice, "I am about to compel the evil spirit to retire from the captives."

In spite of themselves, the maidens gave a start of terror at these words. Don Miguel did not seem to notice it, but made a sign to Marksman.

"Let my brothers approach," the latter said. The sentinels obeyed with a hesitation that threatened to degenerate into terror on the slightest suspicious movement of the medicine men. Don Miguel then proceeded—

"My brother and I," he said, "are about to return to prayer, but to prevent the evil spirits seizing on you after leaving the captives, my brother Two Rabbits will pour out for each a horn of fire water, prepared and gifted by the Wacodah with the virtue of saving those who drink it from the attack of the evil spirit."

The sentries were Apaches. At the word "fire water," their eyes sparkled with covetousness. Marksman then poured them out a large calash of spirits, mixed with a strong dose of opium, which they swallowed at a draught, with unexpressed signs of pleasure. The High Priest alone seemed to hesitate, but at length made up his mind, and boldly emptied the cup, to the great relief of the hunters, whom his hesitation was beginning to alarm.

"Now," the Canadian shouted, in a rough voice, "on your knees, all of you!"

The Apaches obeyed. Don Miguel, notwithstanding, Mariano alone remained standing, while Don Miguel, with his arms stretched to the north, seemed ordering the evil spirit to retire; the Canadian began turning rapidly, while muttering incoherent words, which the adventurer repeated after him. After this, Don Miguel rose, and made an invocation.

Twenty minutes had passed. During this period, an Indian fell with his face to the ground, as if humbly prostrating himself. Soon a second did the same, then a third, then a fourth, and, lastly, the High Priest fell in his turn. The five Indians gave no signs of life.

Marksman, to make sure, let the nearest man take the point of his knife. The poor wretch did not stir; the opium had produced in him and his comrades such an effect, that their necks might have been twisted before they woke.

Don Miguel then turned to the ladies, who were awaiting with ever increasing impatience the end of this scene.

"Fly," he said, "if you wish to save your lives!"

He then seized Dona Laura in his arms, threw her over his shoulders, took a pistol in his left hand, and dashed down the hill, Marksman, calmer than the young man, began by repeating three times the signal agreed on with his companions. At the expiration of a moment, which seemed to him an age, the same cry answered him.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed, "we are saved!"

He went toward Dona Luisa, and wished to take her in his arms.

"No," she said, with a smile, "I thank you, but I am strong and can walk."

"Come on, then, for heaven's sake!"

The girl rose.

"Go on," she said, "I will follow you; think of your own safety. I can defend myself."

And she showed the hunter the pistols he gave her two months previously.

"Brave girl," the hunter said, "but for all that do not leave me."

He made her go down in front of him, and both soon reached the foot of the mound. When about half-way to the forest the hunters were obliged to stop, for the ladies, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, felt they could not go further. Suddenly a large party of horsemen, with Don Mariano, Brighteye and Ruperto at their head, dashed at a gallop from the forest, and hurried towards them.

"Ah!" Don Miguel said, with maddening joy, "I have really saved her, then!"

The maidens mounted the horses prepared for them beforehand, and were placed in the middle of the detachment.

"My child, my darling daughter!" Don Mariano repeated, as he covered her with kisses.

The adventurer respected for a few minutes the gentle affection of the father and daughter, who had so long been separated, and never hoped to meet again. Two briny tears he could not check ran down his bronzed cheeks, and in the presence of happiness so perfect, he forgot for a moment that henceforth an insurmountable barrier was raised between himself and her he loved so much; but soon regaining his spirits, and comprehending the necessity of haste, he ordered—

"Forward! forward! we must not be surprised."

All at once a sinister flash crossed the horizon; a sharp whizz was heard, and a bullet crashed in the skull of a Gambusino, scarce a yard from Don Miguel. Then a horrible yell, the war cry of the Apaches, burst forth.

"Back, back!" Marksman exclaimed, "the Redskins are on us!"

Wit and Humor.

"THE OLD TOM CAT."

Don't you remember the old Tom cat, John Smith,
The old Tom cat whose notes were so high,
As he used to serenade us each night, John Smith,
When the stars were bright in the sky?
Down by the old Niagara's shore, John Smith,
Where the elm stands silent and lone,
Some naughty boys threw in the river one day
The old Tom cat attached to a stone.
Don't you remember old Towser, John Smith,
Old Towser, who belonged to Bill Gale,
And how many times, in our childhood sports,
We have tied after him to his tail?
Old Towser would have lived with Gale, John Smith,
Until he had grown helpless and old,
But they caught him stealing a sheep one night,
And old Towser's tale was soon told.
Don't you remember the old pond, John Smith,
And the bridge across built of logs,
And how many times we have stood on the bridge,
And pelted with stones the poor frogs?
The bridge and pond are gone, John Smith,
And all things are changed that I view,
But I find no change in my pocket, John Smith—
Could I borrow a dollar of you?

THE SACRED SOIL.

The soldiers of the national army of the Potomac have been this winter literally "mud-sills." Mr. Ophens Kerr, of the "Mackerelville Brigade," relates his experience with them as follows:—
"I never really knew what the term 'mud-sill' meant, my boy, until I saw Capt. Bob Shorty on Tuesday. I was out in a field, just this side of Fort Corcoran, trimming down the ears of my gothic steed Pegasus, that he might look less like a Titianic rabbit, when I saw approaching me an object resembling a brown stone monument. As it came nearer, I discovered an eruption of brass buttons at intervals in front, and presently I observed the lineaments of a Federal face.
"Strange being," says I, taking down a pistol from the natural rack on the side of my steed, and at the same time motioning towards my sword, which I had hung on one of his hip-bones, "Art thou the shade of Metamora, or the disembodied spirit of a sand-bank?"
"My ducky darling," responded the assonic voice of Capt. Bob Shorty, "you behold a mudsill, just emerged from a liquidified portion of the sacred soil. The mud at present in closing the Mackerel Brigade is impregnable to the personal feelings of the corps, but the effect at a distance is unique. As you survey that expanse of mud from Arlington Heights, continued Bob Shorty, with the veterans of the Mackerel Brigade waiting about it up to their chins, you are forcibly reminded of a countless plum pudding, well stocked with animated raisins."
"My friend," says I, "the comparison is apt, and reminds me of Shakespeare's happier efforts. But tell me, my Pylades, has the dredging for these missing regiments near Alexandria proved successful?"
"Capt. Bob Shorty took the mire from his ears, and then, says he:
"Two brigades were excavated this morning, and are at present building rafts to go down to Washington after some soap. Let us not utter complaints against the mud," continued Captain Bob Shorty, reflectively, "for it has served to develop the genius of New England. We dug out a Yankee regiment from Boston first, and the moment these wooden-nutmeg chaps got their breath, they went to work at the mud that had almost suffocated them, mixed up some spoiled flour with it, and are now making their eternal fortunes by peddling it out for patent cement!"
"This remark of the captain's, my boy, shows that the spirit of New England still retains its natural elasticity, and is capable of greater efforts than lignum vite hams and clocks made of barrel hoops and old coffee pots. I have heard my ancient grandfather relate an example of this spirit during the war of 1812. He was with a select assortment of Pequot claps at Bladensburg, just before the attack on Washington, and word came secretly to them that the Britishers down the Chesapeake were out of flour, and would pay something handsome for a supply. Now, these Pequot claps had no flour, my boy, but that didn't keep them out of the speculation. They went to the nearest grave yard, dug up all the tombstones, put them into an old quartz-crushing machine, pounded them to powder, sent the powder to the coast, and sold it to the Britishers for the very best flour, at \$12.50 a barrel!"
"New England needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
She manufactures everything,
And sells it mightily cheap."
Rule New England. New England rule the trade,
There's not a thing that grows or grows New England hasn't made!
"And can such a people as this be conquered by a horde of godless rebels? Never! I repeat it, sir—never! Should the Jeff. Davis mob ever get possession of Washington, the Yankees would build a wall around the place, and invite the public to come and see the messagerie at two shillings a head!"

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.—The *Oregon Times* says that at a recent wedding in that city, the bridegroom being an army officer, wore his side-arms at the nuptials. A little while awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he has another sister whose "true love" is a carpenter, he boldly inquired: "Ma, when J— comes to marry Milly, will he wear his saw and hatchet by his side?"

Some joker says, when Yankey gets home he will be as little able to recognize the Southern Confederacy as Lord Palmerston himself.

FITTED TO A HAIR.

Sometime ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. H—, we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it."

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round; the negro's oval; the mouse's, apparently jointed, the bat's jagged; and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:—

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding, that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh yes,' I said, 'there they are, and you will find them their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter."

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpoena, to attend as a witness on a trial for murder. This was very disagreeable, as I have said; but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow with some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might act upon it."

"One jurymen in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does this mean to say,' said he, 'that there can tell any hair of any animal?' I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll prove that!'

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and, in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterwards, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs sewed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine, and report on."

"Is this another murder case?" I inquired, for, if so, I will have nothing to do with it. "No, no," said he, "it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time." Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation."

"When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat."

"Two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting in my consulting room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in. 'Well,' said he, 'has this looked at them hairs?'

"Yes, I answered, 'and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat.' 'Well,' exclaimed he, 'so they are. Thou hast forgotten me, but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L— assizes?' I said I would prove there, and so I have, for them hairs came from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway.' So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believed that a thorough dependence may be placed."

TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND.

"Take hold of my hand," says the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With the fingers clasped tightly around the parent's hand, she steps cheerfully and bravely along, clinging a little closer when the way is crowded or difficult, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith."

"Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling with the eagerness of his love. Full well he knows that, if he rely on any strength of his own, he will stumble and fall, but, if the Master reach forth His hand, he may walk with unwearied feet, even on the crested wave. The waters of strife shall not overwhelm him, if he but keep fast hold of the Saviour."

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling that she is all too weak for the great responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she learn the greatness of the

mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfil it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves His people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand."

"Oh, Jesus! Friend and elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, 'take hold of our hand.'—*Christian Treasury.*



THE EXCESS OF POLITENESS.

EXTREMELY POLITE GENT.—"Pardon me, madam, but I think you dropped this curl!"
[Lady is immensely obliged of course.]

mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfil it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves His people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand."

"Oh, Jesus! Friend and elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, 'take hold of our hand.'—*Christian Treasury.*

HORTENSE AND HER SONS.

One day the Duchess of Bassano gave a ball in honor of the Queen, and Hortense, although sad and suffering, left her cousin, and allowed herself to be dressed. Her fair hair, which, when unfastened, reached down to her feet, was arranged in the ancient Greek fashion, and ornamented with a garland of flowers. These were no natural ones, however, but made of diamonds. She wore a dress of rose-colored tulle, embroidered with a garland of large silver hortensias. The skirt of her dress and her train were garnished with violets and roses made of precious stones, and on her bosom glistered a bouquet of diamonds and hortensias. Neck lace and bracelets were of the same costly material, and represented similar flowers. In this splendid dress—it was a present, sent to her on the previous day by her mother—she entered the drawing room, followed by the richly attired ladies and gentlemen of her court who were to follow her in the ball. It was a fine sight offered by this room full of ladies glittering with diamonds, and of officers in rich uniforms. The sons of Hortense, who at this moment entered the *salon* to take leave of their "chère petite maman," stopped short, as if dazzled for the moment by so much splendor, and then approached the mother almost timidly. She seemed to appear before them like one of the geni in the Arabian Nights. The Queen guessed the thoughts of her boys, whose ingenious faces resembled an open book, wherein every one of the feelings might be read. She stretched out a hand to each of the children, and proceeded to a chair, on which she sat down. The younger, Louis Napoleon, who was then six years of age, she took on her lap, whilst Napoleon Louis, two years older than his brother, remained standing at his mother's side, resting his curly head on her shoulder, and looking up with a thoughtful eye to her pale cheek. "Well, Napoleon," said Hortense, as she laid her white, elegant hand on the head of her eldest son, "do you not think I am very beautifully dressed to-day? Should you love me less if I were poor, if I wore no diamonds, but only a simple black dress? Should you like me less then?" "No, mamma," replied the boy, almost coloring with anger, and little Louis Napoleon, who was sitting on his mother's lap, repeated with tender voice the words of his brother, "No, mamma!" The Queen smiled and said: "Diamonds and fine dresses do not make people happy. We three should love each other quite as well as if we possessed none, but were poor. But tell me, Napoleon, what should you do, if you had nothing, and were left alone in the world? What should you do to maintain yourself?" "I should become a soldier," replied Napoleon, with glittering eyes, "and fight so valiantly that they should be obliged to promote me!" "And you, Louis? What should you do to earn your bread?" The little boy had attentively listened to what his brother said, and seemed still to be thinking about it. It appeared he considered the knapsack and the musket too heavy for him. He thought he was too young to be a soldier. "I," he said, after a pause, "I should sell bouquets of violets, like the poor little boy that stands at the gate of the Tuileries, and to whom you always give something when passing." The ladies and gentlemen who had listened to the children's talk burst out laughing at little Louis's answer. "Do not laugh, ladies," the Queen

said, with a serious face, "it was no jest—I intended to give my sons a lesson, as I saw they were dazzled by the splendor of our diamonds. It is generally the misfortune of princes to imagine that they are made of different material from other men, and, therefore, have no obligations towards them. They rarely know anything about human sufferings and want, and think it almost impossible that these should ever assail them. As soon, therefore, as adversity befalls them, they are so surprised and disconcerted that they cannot find the strength to resist, but are crushed. From such a fate I will preserve my sons!" Hortense kissed the two boys, and went with her suite to the Tuileries. The two little princes continued to discuss for a long time whether it would be easier to earn one's bread by becoming a soldier, or by selling violets at the gate of the Tuileries.—*Memories of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon the Third.*

On the eighth day of March, as some people say, Saint Patrick, at midnight, at first saw the day: While others declare on the ninth he was born, So 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn'g.

Mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock, And some blame the baby, while some blame the clock, Till, with all their cross-questions, sure no one could know If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

The first fraction fight in old Ireland, they say, Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday: Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die; And who wouldn't see right, why, they blacken'd his eye.

At length both these factions so positive grew, That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two, Till Father Mulcahy, who shows them their sins, Said: "No one could have two birthdays, but twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine, Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine—Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark; So let that be his birthday!" "Amen!" says the clerk.

"If he wasn't a twin, sure our history'll show That, at last, he's worth any two saints that we know!" So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss, And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

The word Timbuctoo, supposed to be rhymeless, was once mated by a London professor of mathematics, who was challenged to find a rhyme for it, in the following:—
"If I were a cassowary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin, and bones, and Agneth book too."

Agricultural.

GATES IN POULTRY.—A writer in the Country Gentleman says he cures this disease in chickens by feeding them on food described as follows:—

I take of cracked corn (chicken feed) four quarts—four quarts coarse wheat bran—scald the meal and bran at the same time—add two table-spoonfuls of good wood ashes sifted, as also one table-spoonful of best ground black pepper. I feed my turkeys and chickens in the same way. I feed often, say once every three hours.

STEERING BARLEY BEFORE SOWING.—A writer in the Homestead recommends that seed barley should be steeped before sowing in a solution of copperas or blue vitriol, the same as is often done for wheat, and then rolled in plaster enough to dry it. He says it has the effect of giving it a rapid start, and makes it come up strong and dark colored. He thinks the benefit equal to ten extra loads of manure per acre.

MODE OF TAPPING MAPLES.

The season for tapping sugar maples having arrived, it may be timely to suggest a method of doing this, which is less injurious to trees than that of using an auger, which, by removing a part of the wood, inflicts incurable wounds upon trees thus tapped.

A sharp gouge, made for the purpose, may be used, whereby none of the wood is removed, and being followed by a spile or spout made for the purpose, the sap is drawn with little injury to the woody fibre of the tree. Take care and not drive the spile as far as the gouge was driven, lest the flow of the sap be prevented. By this process the tree, after the spile is removed, soon heals over, which is not the case when an auger is used.

That mode of tapping trees which is the least injurious to them should be adopted as preferable. We have seen trees that have been tapped with an auger until it was nearly impossible to bore into them without striking an old hole.

Owing to the high tariff on sugar and molasses, farmers will feel inclined to make as much maple sugar and syrup as possible this season.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CHEWING BONES, &c.—It is not well settled what it is that causes cows to chew bones, boards, leather, &c. Some say it is occasioned by a want of bone-making material, the phosphate of lime, perhaps. If this habit were confined to cattle that are poorly fed or thin in flesh, we might suppose that it grows out of a want of a proper quantity of nutritious food; but such is not the case. We have as often seen it in thrifty and well conditioned cows. It can do no harm to mix a little bone dust, that is, ground bones, with meal, and feed to the animal affected, two or three times a week. Dr. Dadd says: "It is well known that phosphate of lime, potash, silica, carbonate of lime, magnesia and soda are discharged in the excrements and urine of the cow. Supposing the cow's bones to be weak, it is possible that the gelatinous elements preponderate over those of lime, soda and magnesia."—*New England Farmer.*

PREVENTIVE OF THE CURCULO.—Mr. A. C. Hubbard, of Detroit, publishes in the Michigan Farmer a statement that "common" elder bushes tied to the branches of plum trees had prevented the operation of the curculla for three years in a garden he recently visited. His friend had been upon the place five years. The first two years he tried to save his fruits by shaking the insects upon cloths, with but poor success. "An old Frenchman" told him to put elder bushes in his trees. He has done so for three years with the same success—a full crop of perfect fruit. The bushes were put into the trees every few days from the time the fruit was set until full grown.

SIGN OF A GOOD OX.—You should stand before him, and be sure he has a fine hazel eye, large nostrils, broad at and above the eyes, rather slim horns, toes straight out before him, straight in the knees, bosom full, back straight, and wide hips. If you find these points, you need not ask of what breed he is; but if you want one, buy him. A black-eyed ox is not to be depended on, as he will kick and be ugly, while a short-headed ox will start from the whip, but will soon forget it.

LONG WOOLLED SHEEP.—Since 1845 the long-wooled sheep in Massachusetts have gained rapidly on the fine woolled. In 1845 the latter numbered 45,000 more than all others; in 1853, 435 less than the coarse and middle-wooled sheep, which now probably exceed the fine-wooled by 10,000. The causes for this are, the fluctuation in the price of fine wools, and the quick returns for mutton and lamb. Long-wooled or mutton sheep will probably take the lead hereafter in that State.

THE BIRTHDAY OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March, as some people say, Saint Patrick, at midnight, at first saw the day: While others declare on the ninth he was born, So 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn'g.

Mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock, And some blame the baby, while some blame the clock, Till, with all their cross-questions, sure no one could know If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

The first fraction fight in old Ireland, they say, Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday: Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die; And who wouldn't see right, why, they blacken'd his eye.

At length both these factions so positive grew, That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two, Till Father Mulcahy, who shows them their sins, Said: "No one could have two birthdays, but twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine, Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine—Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark; So let that be his birthday!" "Amen!" says the clerk.

"If he wasn't a twin, sure our history'll show That, at last, he's worth any two saints that we know!" So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss, And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

The word Timbuctoo, supposed to be rhymeless, was once mated by a London professor of mathematics, who was challenged to find a rhyme for it, in the following:—
"If I were a cassowary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin, and bones, and Agneth book too."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TO PREVENT BRASS AND OTHER METALS FROM RUSTING.—Dip the articles first into a very dilute nitric acid, then immerse them in linseed oil, and allow the excess of oil to drain. This process effectually preserves metals from oxidation.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil parsnips until tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; make them in patties, dip them in butter, and fry in very little fat until brown; or cover them with egg, and cook gently.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—To one pint of mashed parsnips add three well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste, and sufficient flour to hold the mixture together. Make into little flat balls and fry brown in butter.

COLD WATER FOR BURNS.—Mr. Seth Hunt, of Northampton, gives the following statement of the success of treating with cold water a severe burn and scald in his family:—"Cold water was applied by immersion, till the pain ceased; the water being changed as often as it became warm. The part was then kept swathed with wet bandages, a dry woolen one enveloping them, until the injury was healed. The healing was rapid, and effected without leaving a scar. The instant relief which the cold water gave from the excruciating pain, was highly gratifying."

BUTTERMILK CAKES.—Make a smooth batter of 1 quart buttermilk and flour; then add 2 large spoonfuls corn meal; 2 eggs, beaten; salt; 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in milk; (no cream of tartar.) These are most excellent.

COLD MEAT TURNOVERS.—Make a little dough of patent flour; roll very thin in a circle, and put in like a turnover—cold meat chopped—season—make a batter of patent flour; lay a spoonful on the greased griddle, and then a spoonful of the chopped meat, and then one of batter. Turn when browned.

THE OJESSA papers complain of so many rats and mice that the cats have become gorged, and refuse to catch any more. What a catastrophe that must be!

The Riddler.

NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 52 letters.

My 1, 26, 47, 6, 25, 40, 20, 22, 39, is the species of fish which have the ventral nearer the tail than the pectoral fins.

My 2, 15, 43, 49, 9, 16, 34, 52, 38, 3, 4, is a serpent, so called, from the *Ammorhagus* which its bite is said to produce.

My 5, 15, 36, 30, 30, 13, 44, is a name given to streaked cats.

My 10, 39, 8, 24, 30, 44, 10, 40, 48, 53, is a species of fish preyed upon by the dorado.

My 11, 15, 39, 45, 30, 48, are the extremities of large birds.

My 12, 15, 24, 39, is the most injurious phenomenon known in our climate.

My 14, 46, 37, was an island which was overwhelmed by the sea.

My 15, 28, 46, 50, 19, 23, was a distinguished naturalist.

My 17, 19, 25, 36, 40, 30, is a monkey of the saguino kind.

My 18, 15, 24, 43, is a portion of the genus *Avena*.

My 26, 35, 51, 30, 31, is a noted volcano in Sicily.

My 27, 31, 49, 1, 20, 21, 33, 15, is an animal which lives upon ants.

My 32, 1, 25, 40, 48, 36, 50, 7, 23, is one of the names of the Guinea-ben.

My 41, 1, 39, 42, 43, 50, 15, 30, is a plant of which cats are excessively fond.

My whole is a useful historical work, and its author.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a grand institution in Pennsylvania.